REMEMBERING MARK VAN DOREN **KEVIN SULLIVAN**

THE NATION

JANUARY 1, 1973 *50 cents*

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WHITE HOUSE AIDES
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LETTERS

refighting the revolution

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Alvah Bessie's review of Arthur Landis' *Spain! The Unfinished Revolution* [*The Nation*, Dec. 4] should not pass without at least one comment. The type of political gangsterism characteristic of a man who in this day and age still can write in a liberal publication—"revisionists and ultra-leftists (whose arguments, curiously enough, turn out to be identical with those of the Fascists) . . ."—is exactly the type of gangsterism which, when it wielded power, treated those it defined revisionists and ultra-leftists the way they treated Fascists—they killed them.

Guilt by inference and guilt by association are regrettably not only tools of right-wing reaction. They are, it sadly appears, still a part of the mental equipment of a certain section of the "progressive" community.

Bogdan Denitch, Bureau of Applied Social Research
Columbia University

Terra Linda, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Ordinarily I would not trouble to answer a gentleman who objects to "guilt by inference" and "by association," after having glibly stated that I am not only a political gangster but—by inference and association—the type who would kill people if he had the opportunity.

But it seems to me that a man attached to a "Bureau of Applied Social Research" should also know that words are capable of being defined.

My review of Arthur Landis' book makes it amply plain what I mean by "revisionists": i.e., those who are attempting to revise (rewrite) the actual history of the Spanish war in favor of their own political preferences. "Ultra-leftists" are people (anarchists, POUMists, those the Spanish Republic called "the uncontrollables" and their like) for whom the Communist Party is never Left enough, never revolutionary enough.

All these groupings actively sabotaged the Spanish Republic's fight for its life during the war. Their political heirs are trying to rewrite its history the way they would have liked it to be and anyone reading them will be astonished at how closely their arguments resemble those of the avowed Fascists.

Fortunately, history cannot be so easily rewritten in this instance, for there are too many people who remember what actually happened, or were there and saw it happen and have not forgotten it. . . .

Alvah Bessie

churches of Vietnam

Weston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: At a recent breakfast in Newton, Mass., sponsored by the Clergy and Laity Concerned, some of us were impressed with a suggestion made by Rev. William Sloane Coffin of Yale University. A few weeks ago, when in Pasadena, Calif., he recommended to an affluent Presbyterian parish that, instead of using its current fund drive to enlarge its parish building, it would be more meaningful to donate these funds to rebuild a Roman Catholic Church whose ruins he had seen during his recent visit to North Vietnam.

I hope that many church and temple congregations throughout the United States will start local fund drives, inspired by this challenging and humane suggestion, to help rebuild in all of Indochina (once the war and violence end) some of the churches which we have allowed our Air Force to destroy. Maybe health clinics or day care centers could be made part of these churches, thereby helping to heal some of the dreadful wounds that our armed forces have inflicted. . . .

Rita Nash Paine

EDITORIALS

Presidential Charades

Properly defined, a charade is a harmless guessing game. When, through his mouthpiece Dr. Kissinger, Mr. Nixon declared that he would not engage in a charade with the American people, the effrontery was colossal. Between them, Mr. Nixon and Dr. Kissinger have kept the American people guessing at their pantomime for the past four years, in a game both deadly and deceptive. Even while Kissinger was mouthing his apologia for the breakdown of his peace talks with Le Duc Tho, his master had already decided to order the entire available fleet of Air Force B-52s—about 200 eight-engine bombers carrying upward of 20 tons of bombs apiece—to resume the bombing of North Vietnam, a country only a little larger than Michigan. Moreover, this bombardment was concentrated on the Hanoi-Haiphong area, which had been spared for a few months while Kissinger was negotiating with Le Duc Tho, whose government Kissinger now held solely to blame for the failure to reach an agreement.

In his briefing of December 16, Henry appeared most unhappy; it was a contrast to his October 26th performance, when he was the bearer of alleged good tidings. His bearing and delivery on that earlier occasion were hailed as masterly, and no wonder. Peace, he told us, was "at hand"; one more session, and it would be in the bag. This was titillating news indeed on the eve of a Presidential election, and the learned doctor relished his role.

How different everything was some seven weeks later! Henry was pulling the emperor's chestnuts out of the fire, at the expense of his own credibility. Worse, even a casual comparison of the stories he told on October 26 and on December 16 gave every reason to believe that he had known on October 26 that peace was not nearly as close as he pretended.

The details of the proposed cease-fire had not been worked out. The Presidential emissary passed this off as "largely a technical matter," yet the experience of 1954 could not have escaped Kissinger's retentive memory.

Some tricky language had to be used, if possible, to create the illusion of *two* Vietnams, as asserted by Presidents Nixon and Thieu. In the eyes of the central committee up North, there is only *one* Vietnam. That difference between the contending parties is what the war is all about—a detail which Kissinger dismissed as "relatively easily achievable."

These two items alone were a measure of the distance yet to be traveled, but November 7 was close at hand and the appearance of peace within grasp was politically imperative. In brief, Nixon and Kissinger were playing their favorite game—charades.

Kissinger returned to Paris on December 4. The President had apparently instructed him—the election being over—to hold out for some firm language regarding the two Vietnams. This was a change in the terms of the original nine-point program, which had called for a cease-fire in place and presupposed the continued presence of Northern troops in the South. The change was no less than an attempt to get Hanoi and the Vietcong to concede Thieu's sovereignty over South Vietnam.

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52 1980

At the next round of conferences the North Vietnamese reacted predictably—they proposed new terms. That is standard procedure in negotiations. If A brings up a new point after a tentative agreement has been reached, B feels at liberty to make new demands of his own. Yet we have the gall to cast the entire blame on the enemy and to make it appear that they are preparing a big build-up, hence that we are justified in resumed bombing of the entire enemy territory on an intensified scale.

A dispatch from Saigon in the December 20th *New York Times* contrasts the gloom of American officials, who had hoped that they could get out of the unholy mess in Indochina, and the jubilation of Thieu and his henchmen. Some Americans said—privately, of course—that they were puzzled by the resumption of the bombing so soon after the breakdown of the peace talks.

Others pointed out that State Department officials had suggested that the President was persuaded that the mining of Haiphong and the intensified bombing of North Vietnam had induced the Communists to negotiate "seriously," i.e., to make concessions; and the process having worked once, the President was giving it another try. That is plausible. Nixon feels that he needs Thieu as much as Thieu needs him. With Thieu there, Nixon can maintain an American presence in South Vietnam through civilian advisers, multinational operators, military personnel in civilian dress—and Thieu's million-man army. American troops can be withdrawn almost completely, since war from the air can be threatened indefinitely. But without Thieu in place there might be a real peace and an unconcealable American political defeat.

These plans are precariously poised. Mr. Nixon must get the prisoners home somehow, and with intensified bombing their number increases daily. Further, he has his eyes fixed on January 3, when a new Congress convenes. His best hope is to pound the North into accepting *his* terms before then.

The voters may be inured to the Nixon style of governing, but it is to be hoped that the Congress will not forget that under the Constitution it too is a branch of government. If the Senate, in particular, has an ounce of resolution left, it will bring the President to book. It is intolerable that on a matter of this importance the President should continue to keep Congress, press and public so much in the dark about what is really going on. Nearly every commentary on Kissinger's latest briefing has characterized it as "unclear," "fuzzy," "murky" and "uncertain." These occasional briefings, always self-serving, partial, unilateral, with only limited questioning, cannot substitute for the appearance of Mr. Kissinger or Mr. Rogers before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at an open public hearing. The notion that the Paris and Saigon talks enjoy the special sanctity that once protected "secret diplomacy" is no longer (if it ever was) tenable. Both sides disclose what it suits their purposes to disclose, but the full record is kept from public scrutiny. It should be clear by now that only the force of public opinion will ever end this war, but without the facts the public will be inclined to hold back, reserving judgment. Even if the people are prepared to tolerate a resumption of the bombing, they should insist on knowing what the President is doing in their name.

IN THIS ISSUE

January 1, 1973

EDITORIALS

2

ARTICLES

6 White House Aides: Faceless Agents of Power — *George E. Reedy*

9 Did Meany Win? Labor's Credibility Crisis — *Philip Shabecoff*

13 Remembering Mark Van Doren — *Kevin Sullivan*

14 Mississippi: Giant Step to Moderation — *Lewis [illegible]due*

16 Some Cartoons of 1972

BOOKS & THE ARTS

21 Goodman: Little Prayers and Finite Experience — *Kingsley Widmer*

22 Poem — *Ernesto Cardenal*

23 White and Newman, eds.: Literature in Revolution — *Robert F. Moss*

24 Glass (Poem) — *Lennart Bruce*

Revisionism: Two Views

24 Gaddis: The United States and the Origins of the Cold War — *D. F. Fleming*

25 Gaddis: The United States and the Origins of the Cold War — *Richard W. Fox*

26 Kinder and Houston: Close-Up — *John Rechy*

27 Films — *Robert Hatch*

28 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

28 Poem — *Joseph Brodsky*

29 Music — *David Hamilton*

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The Miners Come Back

The Miners for Democracy have won their long and often bitter struggle to gain control of the once mighty but now atrophied United Mine Workers of America. By the surprisingly large margin of 14,000 votes, the MFD slate headed by Arnold Miller of West Virginia has defeated incumbent W. A. "Tony" Boyle and his loyalist ticket in an election ordered by a federal court. It means a dynamic and hopeful future for the nation's coal miners; beyond that, the victory of the MFD can provide the inspiration and method for internal reform in other American labor unions.

"This is one of the most historic events ever" in the history of American labor, was the way Miller aptly put it at a victory press conference on December 15. The UMWA will become "the strongest, most responsive labor union in this country, if not in the whole world."

It is an incredible development, the significance of which will take a while to assess. Miller made a basic point when he simply said that an MFD victory is what happens "when labor leaders are not responsive to the membership." The outcome is bound to disconcert far more people than Tony Boyle and his slate of out-of-touch and now out-of-office associates. For MFD won on issues that were vital and immediate to coal miners. Boyle tried to win with his usual diatribe of fear and red-baiting. If you support the "Miners for Destruction," his ticket said, you are a Communist. Boyle claimed to be the heir of John L. Lewis, a coal miners' John the Baptist. He claimed that with Boyle, you know what you have.

And the nation's miners proved that they did know what they had with Boyle, and had decided to get rid of it. The Miller campaign stayed on high ground, for the most part ignoring the lies and desperate smears of the Boyle slate. In its section in the UMW *Journal,* and in campaign literature and appearances, MFD stressed the key issues: safety (the UMW should demand that unsafe mines be shut down; two days after being declared the victor, Miller confronted the president of Consolidation Coal Co. at its Itmann, W. Va. mine, where five men had just died in an explosion. "This is going to stop," Miller said. "I'm going to try a reasonable approach first. If that doesn't work, I'm going to try a little less reasonable approach"); pensions (miners and their dependents should receive a decent pension from the once rich Welfare and Retirement Fund which, under Boyle, has become almost bankrupt. MFD leaders have talked of taking the fund away from True Davis' National Bank of Washington, and using that money for far-sighted investments right in the coal fields); miners' rights (each union district should be allowed to elect its own officers, instead of having them appointed as "trusteeships," which was how Boyle ran the union). The goals were understood and they were believed. The coal miner proved to any doubters his basic intelligence and independence.

It is now for Miller, vice president Mike Trbovich and secretary-treasurer Harry Patrick to put together a union that has been disintegrating since the cold winter of 1969. It was then that Joseph (Jock) Yablonski decided he'd had enough of the Boyle machine. He lost that election, and insisted it was stolen. Three weeks later, he and his wife and daughter were murdered. And three years later, the federal courts were on their way to declaring that Jock was right, that there had been flagrant violation of labor and UMW laws in that vote, and that the election should be voided. Out of the Yablonski campaign came MFD, and now victory.

Miller and the new UMW leadership have been handed a union in financial despair and organizational chaos. Miller says that Boyle payrollers who have "performed their services creditably and done something for the membership" have nothing to fear from him, but it's a question how many of them fit that description. Miller might face some problems with the twenty-four-member executive committee, now dominated by Boyle appointees; however, they may not be around long after the new leadership gives the districts their autonomy.

The courts and the U.S. Labor Department belatedly guaranteed that this election would be honest, and by all accounts it was. Boyle's team is likely to cry foul, but such a challenge will probably not get far. The work done by the MFD's skillful lawyers, and the evident intent of the federal courts, allow Boyle little scope.

Miller's team intends to move union headquarters from Washington to the center of the coal fields. Payrollers' salaries will be cut, to bring them more in line with the earnings of the rank and file. Typically, these and other decisions will be worked out at a convention to be convened by the new leadership as soon as possible.

It can be argued that the MFD victory was unique, that without the flagrant abuse of Tony Boyle and the historic court rulings there would have been no new election. But that is begging the real question. MFD has won, and its victory is sure to be a ray of hope for dissidents in other once proud unions grown fat. The nation's major labor unions and leaders were of no help to the MFD rank and file. Meany's AFL-CIO, Fitzsimmons' Teamsters, Abel's Steelworkers all sat on their hands, or quietly supported their peer, Tony Boyle.

But the MFD won without them and its victory is apt to reverberate in the other labor monoliths. The coal miners have placed themselves once again at the front of the American labor movement. PHIL PRIMACK

Revolt of the Bored

The election of a labor government in Australia for the first time in twenty-three years is proof again of the explosive force of boredom in politics. Apparently there was no dominant issue, no specific disaffection; the Australians were simply bored stiff after nearly a quarter century of low-keyed government by the conservative Liberal Party-Country Party coalition and decided—as voters did also in New Zealand after fifteen years of conservative government—"to give labor a go."

And what a go it has been! In response to his mandate for action and a little excitement, the new Australian Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam, has launched a series of political initiatives that recall FDR's first days in office. All Australian troops will be home from Vietnam by the end of the year. Red China will be recognized and the ties with Taiwan will be severed. The new Australian Ambassador to Peking will be Stephen Fitzgerald, 34,

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a research fellow at Australian National University and a former junior foreign service officer who resigned his post because of Australia's ostrich-like China policy. The SEATO alliance is "under study," meaning it has been placed in deep freeze. New Guinea will be given its independence and Australian troops will be withdrawn from Singapore. Whitlam favors a neutral Southeast Asia and a neutral zone in the Indian Ocean.

All sports teams selected on a racial basis will be barred from Australia. Australian delegates at the U.N. were told to vote for a resolution calling on the Security Council to consider the urgent need to broaden the scope of sanctions against Rhodesia, including all measures envisaged under Article 41 of the Charter. A sizable contribution has been made to the U.N. Fund for Population Activities and to the International Planned Parenthood Federation. Contributions have also been made to the U.N. educational and training program for South Africa and the U.N. fund for Namibia.

But these initiatives were just the beginning; there was more to come. Whitlam proposes to end the national service system of military conscription as being intolerable to a nation at peace. Australia will now seek to check the exodus of recent migrants rather than stepping up the recruitment program it has pursued since World War II. Applications by whites to lease lands claimed by aborigines have been frozen and steps taken to return tribal lands to the indigenous peoples who have used them for centuries. The takeover of Australian companies by U.S. corporations will be stopped; it is time, the Prime Minister states, "to start buying Australia back." He has released twenty draft resisters and suspended further prosecutions. He has come out for equal pay for women, and in doing so, named an attractive young female lawyer to present the government's case. He has stopped the Honors List and put the prime ministerial Bentley up for sale, preferring to ride in his own Ford.

His attractive wife Margaret says that she no longer believes marriage to be quite as important as it was thirty years ago and sees no reason why unmarried couples without children should not live together. The Prime Minister wants to think about this but he has not disavowed the sentiment. Mrs. Whitlam will decorate the Lodge, the prime ministerial residence, "with people" and prefers small dinners to large stuffy cocktail parties. She endorses the idea of legalized abortion and takes a relaxed view of marijuana smoking. All contraceptives sold in Australia are now free of sales tax, and oral contraceptives prescribed by a doctor have been added to the medical benefits free list. The first visit of the Prime Minister and his wife to the White House should be a memorable social event. When he first entered the Australian parliament in 1952, the class-conscious Old Guard of the Labor Party dismissed Mr. Whitlam as "the young brolga," a brolga being an elegant bird of the crane family. At this time Mr. Whitlam was once rebuked for having referred to the party's executive as "twelve witless men." But he has long since lived down his reputation as an effete snob, despite his well-cut suits, his impressive manner and his intellectualism.

A new mood is emerging down under, as both Australia and New Zealand start to move in new and similar directions. No doubt Mr. Whitlam will have difficulty maintaining the pace of these hectic first days, but he has wisely decided to push ahead as far and as fast as the momentum of his victory will permit. In these first weeks in office he has lifted the spirit of the Australian electorate and entertained and encouraged democrats on the other six continents.

Bombing on the Home Front

The Nixon-Kissinger tactic of bomb and talk has its counterpart in domestic politics. Agnew's Des Moines attack of 1969 on the media has been resumed, but it is no longer just talk. Now, in bureaucratese, it is being implemented. The communications system has already been "bombed" and "mined" to an extent that the public does not realize. Whether the Congress is aware of the Administration's plans will become clearer after January 3.

Many who heard and saw Clay T. Whitehead's TV speech to a journalism society were amazed by its openly minatory tone. Whitehead's official position is head of the Office of Telecommunications Policy. He has been called the White House czar for broadcasting, and, judging by his recent appearance, the term fits. Behind a façade of solicitude about excessive violence in tube entertainment, imaginary obscenity and movie reruns, Whitehead castigated "ideological plugola" in network news reporting and commentary. It was plain that the politics of broadcasting was his preoccupation.

Whitehead is not alone in the project of putting broadcasting on the leash—network broadcasting in particular. Besides Agnew, Herb Klein and the President himself, there is a gentleman named Walter R. Hinchman. He has been appointed to the staff of the Federal Communications Commission and by all indications will exercise as much power as the commissioners, except possibly Chairman Dean Burch, also a Nixon appointee. Hinchman has served as assistant director for Domestic Communications of the Office of Telecommunications Policy; in the FCC he will head the newly created Office of Plans and Policy, charged with reviewing all existing FCC policies and formulating new ones, which it is safe to assume will be to the liking of the second-term Nixon Administration. Hinchman is a former consultant to AT&T and an expert on satellite communications. He is credited with advising the FCC in this field; according to some reports, his advice was in a direction favorable to AT&T, which of course is intensely interested in communications via satellite to supplement its wire, coaxial cable, underseas cable and microwave circuits.

Presidential aides like Whitehead and Hinchman, whether situated in White House offices or elsewhere, may be in a position to link together existing regional cable TV networks by means of satellites, and thus offer competition to NBC, CBS and ABC. By this and other means, leverage can be exerted on the networks through a mixture of threats and inducements applied to the outlet stations. A prime inducement would be lengthening the license term from three to five years, and making license renewal more or less automatic, *provided the stations conform to Presidential policy.*

When Whitehead talks about "elitist gossip in the guise

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of news analysis," it is difficult to imagine what he has in mind, other than forcing local stations to censor network news to remove aspersions on the Administration. The bulk of commentary and straight news reporting by the networks certainly leaves much to be desired, but to superimpose on mediocrity a compulsion to steer clear of offending the administration in power would be a step in the direction of the totalitarian state. As it is, a few name commentators do their best to enlighten the viewing audience; how long they would survive under the dispensation now in the making is a gloomy question.

The White House is not out to make good the shortcomings of the networks. If that were its objective, it would support and strengthen public television which, for all its weaknesses, is an improvement on the commercial networks. But public TV has no friends in the Nixon entourage. It would be well for the Congress to heed the advice of Fred Friendly, who resigned some years ago as president of CBS News in a dispute over the ascendancy of trivial entertainment over serious news coverage. Friendly, now an adviser on public TV to the president of the Ford Foundation, said recently that Whitehead's intentions may be "the most dangerous thing to come along in fifty years of broadcasting." The proposed legislation "would make political footballs out of broadcasters' licenses, to be taken away or granted according to the political whim of the party in power." Friendly is not given to sounding false alarms.

WHITE HOUSE AIDES

FACELESS AGENTS OF POWER

GEORGE E. REEDY
Mr. Reedy, press secretary to President Johnson in 1964-65, is dean of the College of Journalism, Marquette University, and author of The Twilight of the Presidency *(World Publishing Co.).*

Richard M. Nixon has placed high among his second-term goals the reorganization of the government and the winnowing down of the White House staff. I hope he means it and I wish him well. After thirty-four years in Washington, I have no illusions that either step will result in economy or increased effectiveness; but if, by some miracle, a substantial number of people could be induced to leave the Executive Mansion without replacement, we might be able to find out how the store is really run.

That is no easy task these days and it has not been for some time. Mr. Nixon probably employs the largest White House staff in American history, but the process that transformed a leisurely, ante-bellum mansion into one of the most crowded office buildings in the land began several administrations back. It probably began when FDR asked and received from Congress authority to hire special assistants "with a passion for anonymity."

At the time, it was not specified that these assistants would also have a passion for power, but that was hardly necessary. It takes very little sophistication to realize that most men who gravitate toward power have an itch to possess it and will not rest content for long in the role of disinterested adviser. The men who wrote the Constitution were well aware of this truism and sought to establish a government in which power would be held only by legally responsible officials. It was a good try and, generally speaking, they made their point. What they could not foresee was the development of a mass society in which Presidents would, of necessity, seek human extensions of their own authority in order to deal with the complexity of their problems. That is what has produced the combination of power and invulnerability to outside checks which characterizes the White House assistant.

The key words in the preceding paragraph are those which describe the White House assistants as extensions of the President's "own authority." These aides possess no independent power whatsoever. They act in the name of one man; they are accountable to one man; their sole constituency is one man. They cannot be compelled, either directly or indirectly, to explain their actions to any outside source. They share the power of the President (and have some tendency to forget that it is not their power but his) and by the same token they share his invulnerability. The one thing they do not share is the President's ultimate responsibility to the electorate.

Were there only a few of these aides, the situation would be tolerable. In a government of divided powers, it is unthinkable, whatever problems it may cause, that a President be called to account before another branch of the government. It is not at all a difficult feat of logic to extend this principle to a few other men or women who really stand in a confidential relationship to him, who are part of a true executive "family." We enter a different realm, however, when the family grows into the hundreds and starts performing the staff work that was once done by executive agencies whose basic accountability is still to the President, but which were established by acts of Congress and are therefore under some compulsion to comply when the House or the Senate demands that they produce information.

Nowhere is better illustrated the difference than in the running Congressional battle to obtain facts on our activities in Southeast Asia. The key figures in the evolving policy on Vietnam have been McGeorge Bundy, Walt W. Rostow and Henry Kissinger. Yet these are precisely the men whom Congress could not hear except on the occasions when one or another of them would graciously arrange an informal social gathering for an "off-the-record" briefing, with no opportunity for cross-questioning.

Both Bundy and Rostow observed at least the outer

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boundaries of their advisory status. Neither was sent to conduct protracted negotiations with foreign ministers of other nations—an assignment usually accorded to men and women of ambassadorial rank who are, at the minimum, confirmed by the Senate. However, even this extreme limit has been crossed by the present Administration. Dr. Kissinger now exercises the functions of a Secretary of State or an ambassador-at-large when he negotiates with the foreign minister of China or the representatives of North Vietnam. He seems to be very good at it, but that does not answer the question whether such functions *should* be exercised by a man who is out of the normal stream of accountability upon which the nation has proceeded for so many decades.

Abolition of the White House staff would not automatically open the floodgates of executive branch information to the Congress. The power of Congress to compel a Cabinet officer to appear before it is very unclear—mostly because it has been tested only rarely and very few of those tests have been carried to a conclusion. As a rule, such arguments are negotiated, since neither side wants to push matters too far.

Nevertheless, Cabinet officers and their subordinates do not enjoy automatic immunity. Their agencies have been established by law, and the size of their personnel can be controlled by act of Congress. Secretaries and assistant secretaries must be confirmed by the Senate and must also appear before House and Senate committees to justify their legislative requests. Furthermore, most of them have constituencies outside the White House and that tends to modify their thinking. It is a far cry from that situation to the monarchical atmosphere which prevails in the Executive Mansion.

But those, of course, are the very reasons for the steady growth of the White House staff and the corresponding loss of influence by the executive agencies. The White House staff is more responsive to a President, less likely to be inhibited by institutional memories which cast doubt on the validity of Presidential ideas, and invulnerable to questioning by Presidential critics. Such qualities have great appeal to strong-minded men who grow impatient at any delay between the conception and execution of their plans. That Presidents are usually strong-minded men with slight tolerance for delay is evident from the actions of the last three of them.

As a bonus, the White House staff is expansible but not countable. There is no way to determine its exact size, short of a physical head count made by someone authorized to roam at will through the Mansion, the Executive Office Building and the Federal Office Building across Pennsylvania Avenue. The White House payroll reflects only in part the size of the staff; to get a precise number one would need to examine every payroll in the executive branch of the government, and question all section chiefs to find out how many of their "employees" had been assigned to the President.

Rep. Les Aspin of Wisconsin charged recently that the White House had acted illegally when it hired sixty unauthorized employees—bringing the payroll to a total of 600 instead of 540 authorized by Congress. The news item left me somewhat bewildered. In the first place, sixty more people would hardly be noticed in the White House. And in the second place, I am surprised that Mr. Nixon did not merely put them on the payroll of some executive agency (even the Post Office has contributed its share in the past) and have them assigned to his jurisdiction. The staff may grow like a field of weeds, but it is not at all difficult to keep the payroll down.

Herblock (Washington Post)

"What Worries Me Is Topless Men In Washington"

The system has become so complex that I doubt whether even H. R. Haldeman could give offhand a reasonably close approximation of size. He could probably supply an accurate figure on the White House payroll itself, along with a few of the groups from other agencies who are known to be within the walls—for example, the Secret Service and the Park Police. But I am willing to bet he would have to search the place to locate all the others.

An experienced observer can make some estimates of the rate of growth at the White House, but they are at best approximations. For example, friends told me they had made a head count of the Ziegler-Klein press relations staffs about a year after Mr. Nixon took over the White House. Their count came to a little more than thirty—about three times the staff I had. (I believe this to be a valid comparison, since I had no such alter ego as Herb Klein when I was press secretary, and presumably the functions of the press office have been split.) Other friends who were in a position to know told me at the same time that Henry Kissinger was presiding over three times as many people as had Walt Rostow.

That affords a fairly good index for measuring increase. Every prominent assistant in the White House must keep up with his fellow assistants, as in suburban

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life the Smiths must keep up with the Joneses. Failure to grow as others grow is taken as a sure sign of slipping personal status—the only thing that counts in the pecking order. Unfortunately, the rule of thumb tells me only the rate of growth; I do not know what it would be in terms of numbers because I did not have the numbers when I was in the place myself. I needed to know only those who worked in the West Wing, and there are many more across the street in the Executive Office Building.

By now, the number must have far more than tripled. In the Lyndon Johnson era whole corridors of the Executive Office Building were vacant, and for a while a whole floor. Today, I am told that there is not a single vacancy. This does not take into account the spillover to the Federal Office Building which was not in use for the purpose when LBJ presided.

In this growth lies a source of personal danger to a President that should cause all of them some sleepless nights. He cannot possibly know more than a tenth of the people working for him, but all of them work in his name. It is widely assumed in Washington that a call from the White House is really a call from the President, no matter who is actually speaking. Even those who know better react as though the President's thoughts were being relayed to them (unfortunately, that is the only safe rule when one is dealing with such an institution). It is a state of affairs that frequently adds to the bewilderment of those who are trying to figure out the real workings of our government.

A case in point is the pre-election bugging of Democratic Headquarters at the Watergate. Many of the trails lead to the White House, but I doubt that any of them can be followed all the way to the President, or that it can ever be conclusively demonstrated that they do *not* lead to the President. Barring an extraordinary disclosure, all we shall ever know is that part of the "official" family had some connection with the incident; but among so many people it is impossible to sort out the "official" family from the real family. The President can repudiate an erring staffer, and the nature of the White House is such that the staffer will probably accept the repudiation quietly, even when the President is actually responsible. But that does not dispel the suspicion that will arise even when the President is guiltless.

This inability to assign responsibility is, however, not nearly as important to the American people as the overall influence of the staff upon the President himself. Of all the factors which tend to isolate Presidents from the normal stream of human experience, none plays so direct a role as the White House assistants. They are virtually his environment—the people whom he sees every day; the people upon whom he depends for his needs; the people through whom is filtered all information about problems he must face. Whether he intends it or not, they become the testing ground for his views on standards of normal behavior. It is a very poor testing ground because it gives a President nothing but a reflection of himself—a dangerous guide for any political leader.

A number of commentators have remarked on the "facelessness" of the White House staff. The picture has been overdrawn, as some very colorful characters have flashed across the screen—notably in the field of national security: Bundy, Rostow and Kissinger. But the allegation of facelessness is valid: no White House assistant can stay in the President's graces for any considerable period without renouncing his own ego and becoming a mirror for "the Chief." Those I have known who had and kept some personality either left after a while or were careful to unleash their personalities only in the President's absence. I doubt that things have changed much.

The Washington Post reports an interesting conversation between a "high" White House official and a reporter, in which the former discussed at length Haldeman's personality. A few days later, the official phoned the reporter to apologize. "I made a mistake," he said. "I was talking about Ehrlichman."

The confusion has a significance that goes far beyond any resemblances that Haldeman may have to Ehrlichman. In a kingly court, only the king wears his own face and the White House is a kingly court. The purpose of a courtier is to assure the monarch of his basic rightness, and the purpose of a Presidential assistant is to reinforce the President in his own determinations. This does not mean that he will be fed false information—the Presidential position is generally too awe inspiring for people to tell him lies. But it does mean that what he knows will come to him without the adversary overtones that are so essential when the political leader of a democracy tries to understand how people react.

That is why it was so difficult for Lyndon Johnson to judge the true depths of the opposition to his policies on Vietnam. To him, the "real" young people were the neat, carefully combed, eager young faces in the White House. To him, the "real" intellectuals were the well-tailored Ph.D.s on his staff, with their computerized victory levels on the "kill ratio" in Southeast Asia. The deep currents that were swelling on the outside could not penetrate those human walls, and he kept counting on reserves of popular support that simply were not there.

Another aspect of "facelessness" that deserves examination flows from the fact that White House assistants —with the exception of the press secretary and the National Security Council staff—are as interchangeable as the parts of an erector set. It does not matter how they are described: they do what the President wants them to do (if he notices them at all; otherwise they do what they *think* the President wants them to do) when he wants them to do it. Thus, another branch of government has an impossible task when it tries to determine responsibility.

It is evident that the Secretary of Labor has something to do with labor and the Secretary of Agriculture has something to do with agriculture. But who in the White House is actually responsible for dealing with the unions and who in the White House is actually responsible for selling wheat to the Soviet Union? Theoretically, the President is responsible, but that is of little help to a Congressional committee seeking to assemble all the elements that went into vital decisions. Certainly, the Secretary of Labor would be about as helpful a witness on wage controls as the Secretary of State would be on negotiations with China. Neither one was a prime mover at the crucial moment. In the modern world, Cabinet Secretaries get most of their information from briefings.

At the outset, I expressed my hope that the Presi-

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dent really means to cut down the White House staff and my best wishes for his success in doing it. The hopes and good wishes were not accompanied by any strong feeling of confidence that it will happen. The temptations to expand the staff are too compelling; the forces that are shoving the executive agencies into the background are too strong. It is highly unlikely that reform will come from within. Unless an outside agency intervenes, we are destined to be governed by men and women who act outside the normal channels of accountability—people who share the President's invulnerability but who are spared his ultimate accountability to the electorate and who are uninformed by his political experience.

It is possible to do something about it, but the doing will be extremely difficult. The best thing that could happen would be for Congress to place a strict limit on the number of assistants who are automatically entitled to take refuge under the umbrella of Presidential privilege. The legal complications of such a step are tremendous, but it is ridiculous to pretend that a staff occupying most of two large office buildings and the West Wing of the White House (I understand that many have now moved over to the East Wing, once the exclusive realm of the First Lady) consists of "personal" advisers to the President. Most of them do not even see the man except when he appears on television.

Staff vulnerability to Congressional inquiry—at least to the same extent that officers and employees of Cabinet agencies are vulnerable—would probably reverse the present hiring trend more effectively than any other step that could be taken. It would also be healthy for the White House assistants themselves to face up to adversary political leaders. The experience could introduce a note of humility into an institution not noted for that quality.

The benefits to the White House staff, however, are of less concern than the benefits that would come to the American people from reducing the number of assistants. That is why I reiterate my hopes that Mr. Nixon was not "just whistling Dixie." If he really starts cutting, Americans would be well advised to pitch in and help. □

DID MEANY WIN?

LABOR'S CREDIBILITY CRISIS

PHILIP SHABECOFF
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Well, George Meany was right, Senator McGovern *was* wiped out. Congress *was* saved. And organized labor *has* demonstrated—as Meany set out to do—that it is not in the hip pocket of the Democratic Party. While Meany has been statesman enough not to crow, there is no mistaking that he, his political *consigliore,* COPE director Alexander Barkan, and their allies believe that the election results completely vindicate their decision not to support McGovern. The "I told you so" glee that permeates AFL-CIO headquarters across Lafayette Square from the White House is restrained but obvious.

Mr. Meany's enemies, meanwhile, concede that the accuracy of his political judgment seems to place him, at least for the moment, more firmly than ever in control of the diverse assortment of powerful, contentious international unions that comprise the labor federation.

And yet, not all of the American labor movement finds joy in Meany's triumph. "Are we supposed to take satisfaction in the fact that Nixon is in the White House for another four years?," asked the president of a state labor federation who had reluctantly toed the "neutrality" line set by Meany. "Why in God's name are we playing Russian roulette with the labor movement by handing power over to the conservatives?"

Meany was not really breaking ground for labor by refusing to endorse the Democratic Party's Presidential candidate. In some respects, he was following a path marked long ago by Samuel Gompers, the founder of the American Federation of Labor, who established nonpartisanship as the proper political stand for the labor movement in this country. But while nonpartisanship was the ideal, the pragmatic tactic adopted by Gompers and followed by his heirs—up to and including George Meany—was expressed in a simple slogan: labor would "reward its friends and punish its enemies."

That is where the AFL-CIO decision to remain neutral strayed from its own traditions. And that is why the abandonment of the Democratic Presidential ticket elicited cries of outrage from leaders in the Center and on the Left of the trade-union movement. Meany's tacticians were able to scrape together the semblance of a case that George McGovern had not always acted as a friend of the workingman and did not, therefore, merit support. But there was no way in the world that Meany and his colleagues could pretend that Richard Nixon, whom they had been fighting tooth and claw for a quarter of a century, was anything but an enemy of organized labor.

In fact, until almost the eve of the Democratic convention, Meany himself had been perhaps the country's most vigorous and effective opponent of the President's economic and social policies. Meany and his federation had hammered away at the Administration for permitting a high rate of unemployment, for keeping wages in check but allowing profits to rise untrammeled, for blocking a liberal new minimum wage law, and for standing in the way of new medical and consumer programs.

When it voted to remain neutral, the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO in effect voted not to punish a man and an Administration that it had repeatedly branded the enemy of labor. More than that; it was rewarding the man it had called an enemy by withholding its badly needed support from the Democratic candidate. One old friend of Meany summed up the feelings of many in

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George Meany

the labor movement: "The tragedy is that George, who was associated with everything progressive in the labor movement for a lifetime has now, at the age of 78, become identified with Richard Nixon."

The AFL-CIO hierarchy made no secret of its outrage over the contemptuous indifference with which the McGovern staff treated labor dignitaries at the convention in Miami, but the federation strategists gave two specific political reasons for adopting the nonendorsement policy:

¶The McGovern candidacy would be a debacle and labor wanted no part of it.

¶Labor itself was badly split over politics, and an endorsement of a Presidential candidate would only exacerbate that rupture.

Debacle it certainly turned out to be, though one may wonder how much labor contributed to the result. And the election did indeed confirm that labor was split this year over politics—split almost down the middle, judging by the way the blue-collar vote was distributed. But even so, it can reasonably be asked if the split within labor's ranks really imposed the neutrality decision on the AFL-CIO leadership. After all, George Meany has always been a leader, not a follower. He has, for example, steadfastly supported bussing to achieve quality integrated education, even though labor is badly split on that issue. For Meany, the neutrality seemed somehow out of character.

What seems apparent, therefore, is that the political role of the AFL-CIO in 1972 reflects not just the peculiar circumstances of one Presidential race but rather long-ripening developments both within the labor movement and between labor and the nation's political institutions.

The 1972 campaign and its aftermath raised at least three basic and interrelated questions about the future of the trade-union movement:

¶Can the divisions within organized labor, exposed and widened by the 1972 election, be closed?

¶What role will labor play in restoring and participating in the Democratic coalition?

¶Will organized labor continue to be a force for social progress in America, or will it increasingly serve as a pressure group for special interests?

Anyone who imagined that labor is monolithic has presumably been disabused of that notion by the cracks that appeared in labor solidarity during the recent political year. The division of labor into pro-Nixon, pro-McGovern and neutralist camps reflected vividly the pluralistic nature of the movement. Moreover, it now seems apparent that the centrifugal forces within labor and within the AFL-CIO itself were strengthened by differences over politics. Not that labor is about to splinter into warring factions, but the unity so painfully achieved within the AFL-CIO under George Meany now seems more fragile than it has been in years.

Without analyzing the historical reasons, it is obvious that the AFL-CIO leaders who endorsed McGovern held a different view of the social and economic needs of their nation and the political interests of their members than did those who supported Nixon, or, for that matter, those who were neutral.

AFL-CIO unions such as the International Association of Machinists or the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees demonstrated by their political activities that they had more in common with the United Auto Workers, which is not a member of the federation, than with Building trades and Maritime unions who are federation members but whose leaders enthusiastically backed Nixon. These latter unions, in turn, seemed closer in outlook to the Teamsters' leadership than to their colleagues in the AFL-CIO.

As long as Meany remains at the helm, these differences are unlikely to erupt into guerrilla warfare. At 78, Meany is a tough old bird who can still keep member unions and state and local federation bodies in line through force of will and a self-arrogated authority similar to that of a Holy Roman Emperor. When Meany goes, however, it seems inevitable that this empire of labor fiefdoms and principalities will enter a time of trouble and certainly of less disciplined centralization. Some labor leaders predict a return to the kind of stewardship that marked the tenure of William Green, a weak president of the American Federation of Labor, who was dominated by the member unions. Meany gave the big international affiliates of the AFL-CIO a taste of political independence last year and they are not likely to surrender it to any lesser mortal.

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Sides are now covertly being drawn for a war of succession to replace George Meany when he dies or steps down, and much depends on who that successor will be. As of now, it seems improbable that the pro-McGovern unions of 1972 would accept another building tradesman (Meany was a plumber) as their leader and spokesman in national affairs. Nor are Building trades, Longshoremen and Maritime unions likely to accept a pro-McGovern (i.e., liberal) union official as federation chief. Meany's successor—and the day of inauguration may be far off—is more apt to be a middle-of-the-roader, inclined to let the member unions go much their own way.

Meanwhile, changes are to be expected outside the AFL-CIO context. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters under James Hoffa's successor, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, has been expanding rapidly through aggressive organizing and mergers. Fitzsimmons was the first union president to endorse Nixon and the favors that undoubtedly will flow from the White House will enhance both his own and his union's influence. The Administration checks out its labor decisions not just with Meany but with Meany *and* Fitzsimmons.

Meany's political decisions this year undoubtedly will slow whatever movement there was toward a reconciliation between the federation and the United Auto Workers Union, which was taken out of the AFL-CIO by Walter Reuther. It now seems unlikely that the UAW will return while Meany is in power; whether it will return at all depends on who succeeds Meany. If a conservative is the next AFL-CIO president, it is more likely that some unions, such as the Machinists, will move out to join the UAW.

One change can be predicted with relative assurance: many federation affiliates will no longer leave their political business—nor donate all their political dollars—to Barkan's Committee on Political Education. Much of the disgust felt by pro-McGovern unionists over the desertion of the Democratic ticket is directed squarely at COPE.

The immediate problem confronting the labor movement, and particularly the AFL-CIO hierarchy, is how in the future it should relate to the political parties and what part it should play in the political process. After the election, staff members at federation headquarters were asserting with the certainty of Holy Writ that "labor would never be taken for granted again by any political party." George Meany said in a recent speech that, while labor still intended to work within the existing political framework rather than form its own political party, "We want to make it crystal clear that no political party owns us. And we don't own it (*sic*) in whole or in part, nor do we aspire to own in whole or in part any political party."

Yet some pro-McGovern union officials have commented that there is a fair measure of self-delusion in all those protestations of labor's nonpartisanship. They point out that, with rare exceptions, it has been to the Democrats that labor lobbyists have turned for legislative help in Washington. With rare exceptions, they note, this and past Republican administrations have been the ones to initiate anti-labor laws and to impede the progressive economic and social legislation that the federation has always supported.

Since November 7, Barkan has been using his influence as the federation's political officer to oust Jean Westwood as Democratic National Chairman and his voice has carried weight. But Barkan never said a word about keeping or replacing Sen. Robert Dole as chairman of the Republican National Committee. The Republicans would only have smirked had he done so.

President Nixon did split away some real labor support from the Building trades, the Maritime trades and Longshoremen, the Teamsters and several other crafts. The GOP will seek to make this part of the labor vote a permanent addition to its constituency, and there are indications that it may be at least partially successful. Certainly the appointment of Peter J. Brennan, president of the New York Building and Construction Trades Council, as Secretary of Labor, is an attempt by Mr. Nixon to consolidate electoral gains among the hard-hats.

But the reasons for the political shift of blue-collar workers and union leaders this year had little to do with traditional trade-union issues. The pro-Nixon labor vote probably reflected the middle-class social values of the more affluent American workers. Unless the Republican Party shifts from its historical role as the party of business and of conservatism, however, the mass of the labor movement is not apt to find a congenial home within its ranks. While there are indications of a growing identity of interest between labor and management in many areas, the two sides are still antagonists on bread-and-butter issues.

For the time being, therefore, the fortunes of the greater part of the labor movement remain linked perforce with the Democratic Party. That this is the case is tacitly conceded by even the most enraged anti-McGovern officials at federation headquarters. The only questions open are how the party now responds to labor and what the federation itself does. Some labor officials take the position that the party is up for grabs and that labor should play a central role in reshaping and controlling it. Others insist that, having demonstrated its importance, labor should sit back and allow itself to be courted by the Democrats.

But the wounds will be a long time healing. The things that divide Meany, Barkan, Abel and other labor leaders from the forces represented by George McGovern are basic and bitter. To the disaffected trade-union men, those who grasped control of the Democratic Party this year were "arrogant elitists," contemptuous of the working class and its leaders.

And, with the benefit of hindsight, it would appear that the incredible blunders committed in dealings with organized labor were caused by at least a degree of arrogance and elitism within the McGovern camp. At the Miami convention, labor politicians who have grown old in service to the Democratic Party were ignored with an insensitivity that bordered on the suicidal. McGovern himself, both before and after the convention, almost assured himself of George Meany's enmity by making gratuitous, meaningless references to "big labor bosses." He obviously got bad advice from his campaign managers. One enthusiastic pro-McGovern union leader who approached Frank Mankiewicz with offers of aid said

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that Mankiewicz told him "the mood of the country is against big labor and big business."

Trade unionists feel that this kind of attitude prevails among a class of liberals who have not been interested in the labor movement since it was struggling for survival in the 1930s and 1940s. To be lumped by these liberals with "big business" infuriates men who insist—with much justification—that the trade-union movement is the most consistent, effective force in the country pressing for progressive legislation and social reform.

When the McGovern people blindly assumed that labor would have to fall in line, no matter how it was treated, they were making the classic mistake of liberals and left-wing intellectuals who have sought to speak for the workers. To one indignant official at federation headquarters, the McGovern staff was conducting itself like a Leninist revolutionary vanguard.

On the other hand, it was gross hyperbole for federation officials to claim—as they did repeatedly—that McGovern and his followers were "enemies of the working class." The sudden discovery of McGovern's "anti-labor record," after it had received high marks from COPE throughout his tenure in Congress, was 90 per cent baloney. In 1968, many labor leaders had nothing but contempt for the disgruntled supporters of Eugene McCarthy who, once their hero had failed to win the Democratic nomination, turned their backs on Hubert Humphrey. Yet many of these same men helped split the liberal coalition in 1972. If there was error and arrogance within the Democratic coalition this year, it was not all on one side.

From Miami on, Meany and others complained endlessly that hippies, professors and homosexuals had taken over the Democratic Party and systematically excluded the union movement. The "McGovern convention reforms" and the "quota system" they were supposed to have engendered were condemned as an insult to labor. But, in fact, more trade unionists sat as delegates at the Miami convention then were seated at the Chicago convention in 1968. Whether Barkan and other labor politicians failed to comprehend the McGovern reforms or just decided to ignore them, labor failed to make the best use of them. But labor had the same opportunities as did other groups.

The truth is that the Democratic Party's reform movement did open the inner mechanisms of the political process to groups that had been largely excluded in the past—blacks, Chicanos, women, young people, poor people. That labor rejected—or was forced to reject—this exhilarating wider participation in a major political party is one of the tragedies of the 1972 campaign. Whether labor will return to that party under terms that will allow continued participation by the previously barred groups is a vital question for the post-election period.

The answer will not be easy. Labor's revulsion against the McGovern ascendancy probably reflects in part an old, deep-seated prejudice of the trade-union movement. An example of this attitude are statements made long ago by a high-ranking labor leader. "The professoriate," said Samuel Gompers in the early days of the AFL, are "the open and covert enemies of the workers." The academics who criticized labor are "faddists, theorists and effeminate men." The quotations were found in Richard Hofstadter's *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life,* but they could have come from a Meany speech attacking McGovern in 1972.

It is likely that some of labor's fury over the professors and others it saw taking over the Democratic Party sprang from the traditional distrust and distaste of trade-union leaders and the rank and file for academics and intellectuals who meddled in their business.

In forging his New Deal coalition, Franklin D. Roosevelt was able to overcome the distrust of the labor movement on the one hand and the arrogance of intellectuals on the other. Since then, a gulf has opened between the two sides. It remains to be seen whether an Edward Kennedy or a Walter Mondale or any other Democrat is leader enough to bridge it.

Whether anything like the old coalition can be restored depends in part on where organized labor is heading and what social roles it selects for itself. The leitmotif of the American labor movement has always been *more—more* pay, *more* leisure, *more* control by workers over their conditions of work. For most of its history organized labor's struggle to obtain this "more" helped not only to provide decent lives for union members and their families but also to improve economic conditions of all the nation's poor and underprivileged.

Now, having won for itself a degree of affluence, labor has been attacked by outside critics in recent years for having become too "Establishment," excessively concerned with its own improved status quo and uninterested in the poor, the weak, the minorities and others outside the Establishment. The union movement, particularly the AFL-CIO and George Meany, could answer these critics by pointing to labor's continuing efforts to secure improved labor standards, Social Security and health legislation, industrial safety enforcement, and a battery of other social and economic programs that benefit not only working people but all Americans. At the same time, labor has stood as a stone wall against the attempts by vested interests to erode the enforcement of progressive social legislation.

But this year, when Meany and the federation adopted a political posture that in effect favored the incumbent conservative Administration, critics within labor itself began to wonder about the direction of the trade-union movement. Such a staunch trade unionist as William Winpisinger, the bull-like, plain-talking vice president of the Machinists, was moved to comment recently that "The union movement got where it is by fighting for the common man. Now we are throwing that away by becoming a representative of special interests."

The neutrality decision spurred Negro labor leaders to form their own coalition of black trade unionists. William Lucy, secretary-treasurer of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees and spokesman for the new coalition, explained that "Union presidents that endorsed Nixon or remained neutral were not speaking for their black members. No way!"

Having failed to oppose President Nixon at the polls, the AFL-CIO may find it hard to re-establish credibility as an adversary of the President's social and economic policies in his second term. Meany railing against the inequities of wage-price controls will not be very con-

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vincing, now that he has declined to oppose the President who initiated those controls. The federation can still seek to work its will through the Congress, but it can hardly be, as it was a year ago, the symbol of popular resistance to the Administration's economic and social policies.

This dilemma was underscored by the nomination of Peter J. Brennan as Secretary of Labor. Mr. Brennan is from the hard-hat wing of the labor movement. He presumably will represent trade-union interests by opposing any anti-labor legislation and such things as a subminimum wage for youth. But civil rights leaders have complained that, on his record, he cannot be expected to crusade for more jobs for blacks in the Building trades, better pay and working conditions for sugar cane workers in Louisiana, or the highest possible minimum wage to cover domestic workers.

The president of one state federation of labor commented privately that the events of the 1972 political campaign "demonstrated the innate conservatism of labor leadership today." The lifetime achievements of George Meany would scarcely support the charge, but this is clearly a crossroads moment for labor. Does the AFL-CIO—and with it the central thrust of the trade-union movement—now go the way of the "America—Love It or Leave It" wing of organized labor? Or will it return to its historic ideological stand of "America—Love It and Make Its Blessings Available to All Men."

By rejecting the McGovern candidacy, Meany and his allies believed they were rejecting a militant, radical, leftist approach to America's social, political and international problems. It was, of course, their right to make that assumption. But so far, they have offered no militant, progressive response to the McGovern alternative, Indeed, their only response so far has been to end abruptly their opposition to the conservatives.

The real political dilemma for organized labor, therefore, is not so much who is to be chairman of the Democratic Party but where labor itself is to move along the ideological spectrum. It can edge closer toward the forces within labor that are represented by Mr. Brennan, those that can accommodate themselves comfortably to administrations such as President Nixon's. Or it can find ways to come to terms with the forces represented by the McGovern phenomenon, even if it rejects the McGovernites themselves. The center of the labor movement will have to make a choice. As Meany has said, labor does not go it alone in America. At least not yet. □

REMEMBERING MARK VAN DOREN

KEVIN SULLIVAN
Mr. Sullivan, who taught for many years at Columbia University, is currently professor of English at Baruch College, City University of New York.

At a university which during his time had been one of the great institutions of its kind, where among the faculty were men and women whom the world admired, Mark Van Doren was more than admired; he was loved. He had come to Columbia around the time of World War I, had taken a doctorate in English shortly after the war, and like many young men with literary ambition had thought to stay in teaching, on Morningside Heights or elsewhere, till he had found himself as a writer. He stayed on at Columbia for almost forty years, retiring in 1959 to Cornwall, Conn., a kind of Sabine retreat, where before his death in early December he had completed the last of some fifty books of poetry, fiction, drama and criticism.

In a sense Mark Van Doren was a teacher in spite of himself. For most professors, writing is a function, often the forced and onerous function, of an academic career; for Mark the classroom was an extension of the personality, serious but unsolemn, of a poet, a man of letters. That, I think, may be the secret of his extraordinary success as a teacher. Twenty-five years ago a former student, himself a poet and by that time a Trappist monk, to which vocation he confessed Mark had been one of the directing instruments of grace, wrote of Van Doren: "For a man to be absolutely sincere with generation after generation of students requires either supernatural simplicity or, in the natural order, a kind of heroic humility." Any man who has, for more than a year at a time, faced a class of bored or eager or indifferent adolescents may, without claim to either virtue, testify to the truth of that. And that same student, Thomas Merton, now also dead, has given what is perhaps the best account of what it was like to sit in one of Mark Van Doren's classes:

> It was a class in English literature, and it had no special bias of any kind. It was simply about what it was supposed to be about: the English literature of the 18th century. And in it literature was treated, not as history, not as sociology, not as economics, not as a series of case histories in psychoanalysis but, *mirabile dictu*, simply as literature.
>
> I thought to myself, who is this excellent man Van Doren who, having been employed to teach literature, teaches just that: talks about writing and about books and poems and plays; does not get off on a tangent about the biographies of the poets or novelists; does not read into their poems a lot of subjective messages which were never there? Who is this who really loves what he has to teach?
>
> That Columbia should have in it men like this who, instead of subtly destroying all literature by burying and concealing it under a mass of irrelevancies, really purified and educated the perceptions of their students by teaching them how to read a book and how to tell a good book from a bad, genuine writing from falsity and pastiche; all this gave me a deep respect for my new university.

I had not myself the good fortune to be one of Mark's students, but as a new and nervous instructor at Columbia College I had office space down the corridor from him on the 4th floor of Hamilton Hall. And we were also

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neighbors in Greenwich Village, he in a solid house on Bleecker Street, I in a basement flat around the corner on Grove Street; which was as it should have been considering the distances that, in those days, lay between a full professor and a mere instructor. But with Mark no one, not even an instructor, was ever "mere." There must be dozens of us, scattered now around the country, who can remember those late afternoon teas in the English office on the 4th floor of Hamilton. Mark would be there, and sometimes his friend Joseph Wood Krutch and other luminaries of a distinguished department, and of course some of us hired hands (so to speak), who came at first in awe to tea but who, almost at once, were made to feel at home in the very world to which we then aspired. (There was a risk in this: some of us, I'm afraid, emulated the manner—which was the least of it—but, resting on imaginary laurels, never achieved the stature, sometimes not even the degree, of our elders.) At times the talk was shop, and the university administration, like all administrations everywhere, would then be the natural butt of our academic grousing. On one occasion Mark, having listened quietly to a severe round of criticism directed at a famous soldier who was then president of Columbia, brought the round to a close by observing that the general was at heart a decent man really—"though it's true," he added, as if his demur might be taken as a rebuke to his more voluble colleagues, "it's true he does suffer from delusions of adequacy." Mark Van Doren was ever a just man.

It is justice the young really thirst after and love when they find it embodied, all too seldom, in those who have charge over them. For this difficult and elusive virtue, whether found in the right ordering of words or ideas or lives, is an essential measure of man's belief in the perfection, never totally realizable perhaps, of a life, a society, a work of art. And it is this virtue, I think, which underlay Mark Van Doren's attraction for those generations of students who sought him out at Columbia.

He was loved, yes, but in this special way, the way of justice. He never invited nor could he tolerate those easy intimacies, that revolting chumminess, through which some teachers, out of an avarice of the emotions or a simple emptiness of head or heart, seek to cultivate a following among students. Mark never had a following of that kind. But there can be few of his students at Columbia, as there were few of us instructors (who were generously—though not quite accurately—allowed to think ourselves his colleagues) who did not consider Mark Van Doren a friend. In even the most casual conversation you felt that his attention was wholly yours, that you were for the space of that meeting the center of his universe, that then and there you alone mattered. And you felt this because it was true. You were indeed in touch with a sane and wise and whole human being and, unless wholly corrupt yourself, you could not fail to bring away with you some of that same sanity, wisdom and wholeness.

Mark Van Doren was that rare a man. A man in whom nothing was lost, retaining to the end the serenity of Wordsworth, who had first opened for him the wonders of English poetry; the sanities of Dryden, who had first given direction to his critical intelligence and English prose style; but also, as one of his most perceptive students, the monk Thomas Merton, had realized, a simplicity and humility that is rarer still. And that is why those of us who knew Mark Van Doren, even slightly, now feel a part of us diminished by his death. □

MISSISSIPPI

GIANT STEP TO MODERATION

LEWIS PERDUE
Mr. Perdue, a native of Jackson, Miss., is consumer editor of the Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal.

"Mississippi: State of Change," say the ads extolling the virtues of Mississippi's workers and industrial sites. In *Fortune, Newsweek* and other national magazines, the ads tell the world of the economic changes that have reshaped the state in the last decade, but they are also an omen of greater things. Mississippi, they say, is dynamic, vital and changing, and that is so—but in more than just the economic sector.

Unlike a decade ago, segregation is no longer the official law of the state; Mississippi's public schools are the most fully integrated in the nation; white and black youth work openly together at school and in their leisure time, often in projects designed to end the last vestiges of white supremacy; white voters last month overwhelmingly rejected the segregationist American Independent Party's Presidential candidate; a governor was elected without shouting "nigger" and his "nigger"-shouting opponent was soundly trounced; the Governor advocates the integration of the state Democratic Party and has appointed blacks to responsible positions in his administration; almost without exception restaurants, motels and hotels now serve blacks as courteously as they serve whites; Mississippi State University has a black quarterback and a black was elected Mr. MSU; the Black Miss America pageant was televised in Jackson and, miracle of miracles, the ultra-reactionary, segregationist *Clarion Ledger-Jackson Daily News* has begun to soften its "segregation forever" position.

In the past, not too distant, the first rule for a Mississippi politician was to yell "nigger" louder than his opponents. Theodore Bilbo, one of the worst demagogues to haunt the white supremacist Old South, yelled it louder than any man; it won him the Mississippi governorship twice, and a seat in the U.S. Senate once. Even today his statue guards the rotunda of the state capitol in Jackson, though his ugly spirit is fading to oblivion.

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Back in 1963, Rubel Phillips, Republican candidate for governor, took up the old cry, but his opponents outyelled him. Four years later, Phillips sensed the coming political trend; he said: "It is painfully clear that the race issue has retarded the development of our human resources. The white man cannot keep the Negro down without paying the awesome penalty of restricting his own development." But the time of the moderate had not come in Mississippi and Phillips was beaten by an old-time segregationist, Rep. John Bell Williams.

By the 1971 campaign, however, the Mississippi politician had added the word "Negro" to his vocabulary, and a moderate Democrat, William L. Waller, became Governor. In addition, Mississippi's voters were offered something unseen since Reconstruction, a black gubernatorial candidate. Charles Evers, Mayor of Fayette, received 21 per cent of the vote.

Only one of the gubernatorial candidates, Hattiesburg radio announcer Jimmy Swan, peddled the old racist line, and he was buried under a landslide that makes George McGovern look like a winner. All of the leading contenders advocated giving blacks responsible positions in any future administration.

The November 7th elections reflect in Mississippi a move toward a more moderate ideology. President Nixon captured a massive 79 per cent of the vote in the state. In most of the United States, a vote for the President meant support for his conservative withdrawal from the reforms of the Johnson era. In Mississippi, however, it indicated a leftward move toward a moderate point of view. Riding Presidential coattails were two moderate candidates for the House of Representatives. Republican lawyer Thad Cochran, 34, upset Democratic state Sen. Ellis B. Bodron. Bodron is viewed by some as the most powerful man in the state legislature. His defeat by the more liberal Cochran surprised state Democratic leaders. Trent Lott, 31, scored another victory for the Republican Party, capturing the seat vacated by Democratic Rep. William O. Colmer, who retired after forty years in the House. Lott is also regarded as a moderate.

The only election result which moved against the current toward the political Center was the re-election of incumbent Sen. James O. Eastland. Gil Carmichael, Eastland's Republican opponent, was repeatedly snubbed by the national GOP, Eastland being President Nixon's influential supporter in the Senate. When Vice President Agnew spoke in Jackson on September 30, Carmichael was barred from the speaker's platform. Despite the White House scorn, the Meridian Volkswagen dealer took 40 per cent of the vote.

Waller won the gubernatorial race by promising the "involvement of all people" in his administration. One of his first acts after inauguration in January 1972 was to appoint a black to head the state Bureau of Drug Law Enforcement. It was the first time a black had been appointed to a state law-enforcement post.

Waller also integrated the State Police. This move was dictated by a federal court order, but the new Governor—unlike his predecessors, who disposed of federal court edicts as though they were mail addressed to "occupant"—complied with the order, and in August three blacks were among the thirty-two cadets to graduate from the state law-enforcement training center. It is a modest beginning, but one that Waller termed "a significant step forward for Mississippi."

In parallel with the Governor's relatively progressive attitude, the legislature has repealed laws banning interracial marriages and the teaching of evolution in the schools. With only two dissenting votes, the legislature in April eliminated these laws, along with several segregation laws passed during the Ross Barnett administration. Commenting on the removal of the anti-evolution law, state Rep. Douglas Abraham of Greenville said: "The ones who would create the biggest furor over repealing the monkey law are the ones whom I consider the most direct descendants"—a statement that would not have been tolerated in Jackson ten years ago.

Waller's efforts toward racial equality, though tepid by liberal standards, are beginning to offset the damage done by prior administrations. His relations with Mississippi's substantial black community have certainly progressed past the point where they were in 1964 when Gov. Paul B. Johnson replied, "What leaders?," when asked at a news conference if he expected to confer with black leaders.

Old-style power politics, rather than racial antagonism, have put a blotch on Waller's political record. His political inexperience showed when, shortly after inauguration, he ordered mass firings within state departments. This sweep was exacerbated by his strong-arm efforts to dominate the Hinds County Democratic convention (Hinds County contains more than 15 per cent of the state's population), and came to a climax in the split between his Regular Democratic Party and the Loyalist Democratic Party, led by Aaron Henry, head of the state NAACP. The Loyalists have unseated the Regulars at the last two Presidential conventions, when negotiations between the two parties broke down. Waller, however, is the only Governor who has tried to reconcile the two parties. Rather than deny or deplore the existence of the integrated Loyalists, he attempted a merger. The Regulars proposed that each of the factions send forty-eight delegates to the national convention, each delegate having a half vote. They also proposed that the unified delegation be led by Waller and Henry. The Loyalists replied that, in return for giving up half their voting powers at the national convention, they should receive half the seats on the Democratic Party's state and county executive committees. The Regulars rejected this and other Loyalist demands that included more blacks in state government and the support of a fair-employment act.

Although the Regulars' rejection of Loyalist demands is motivated to a degree by racism, the main issue, according to most observers, was the reluctance to give up power. The Regulars have taken their fight to the U.S. Court of Appeals.

The change in complexion of Mississippi politics can be attributed in part to the registration of large numbers of blacks. Ten years ago blacks composed 1 per cent of registered voters; today they are something less than a third of the electorate. (Blacks compose 42 per cent of the state's population.) Even if they were

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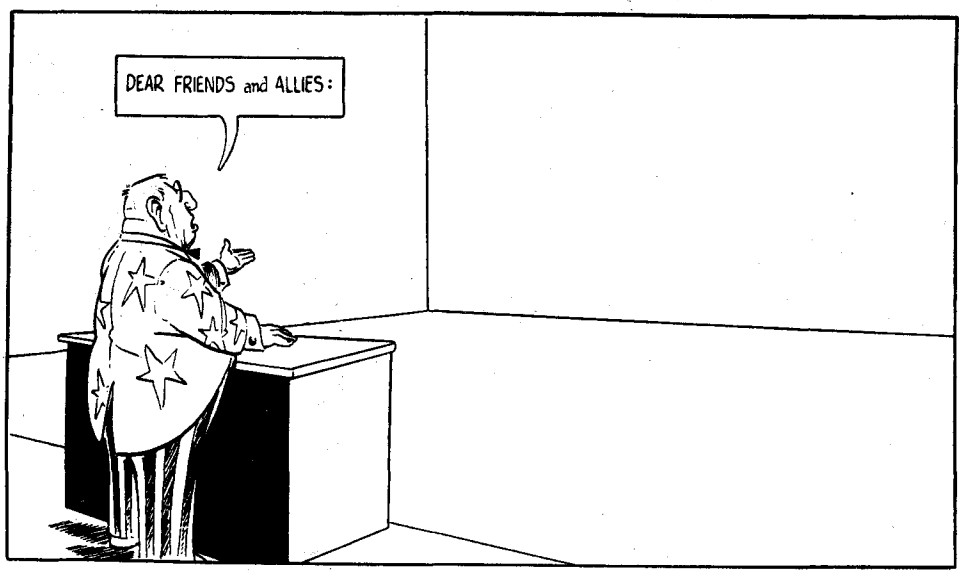
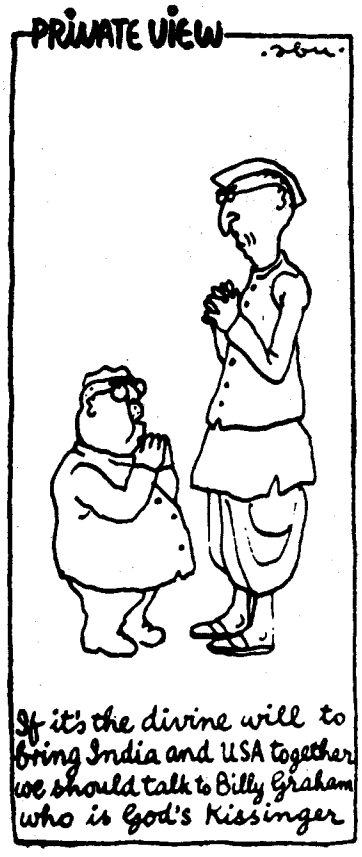


Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)



Indian Express (New Delhi)

Uluschak (Edmonton Journal)

"Make a Death-Wish"

Oliphant (Denver Post)

Joke (De Nieuwe Gazet, Antwerp)

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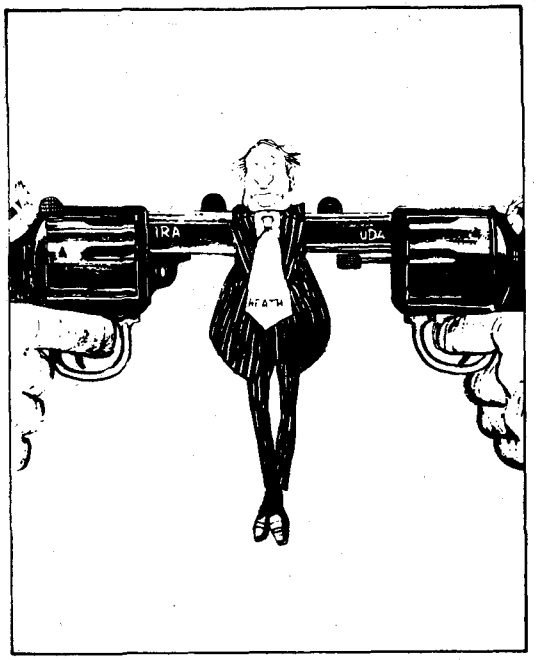
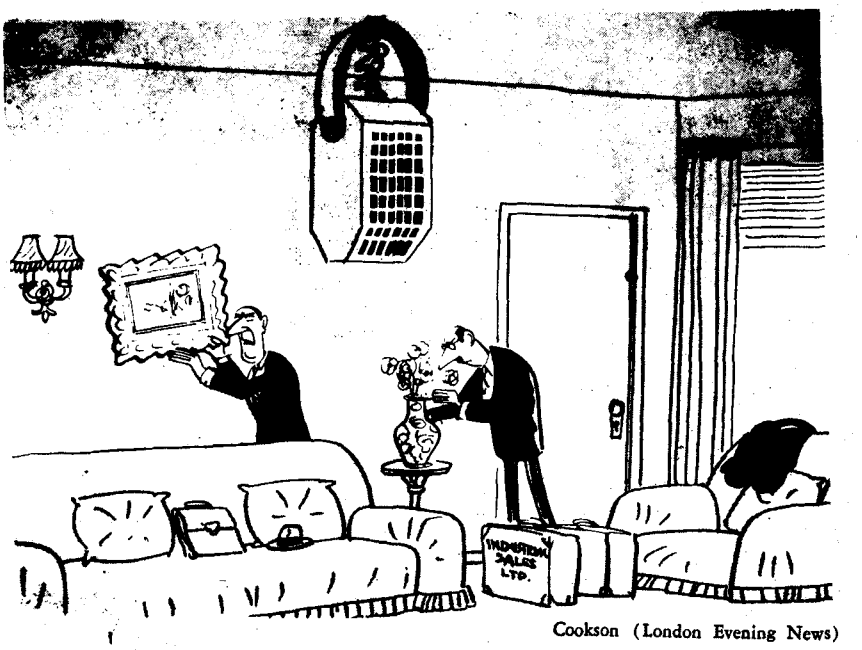


Donato (Toronto Sun)

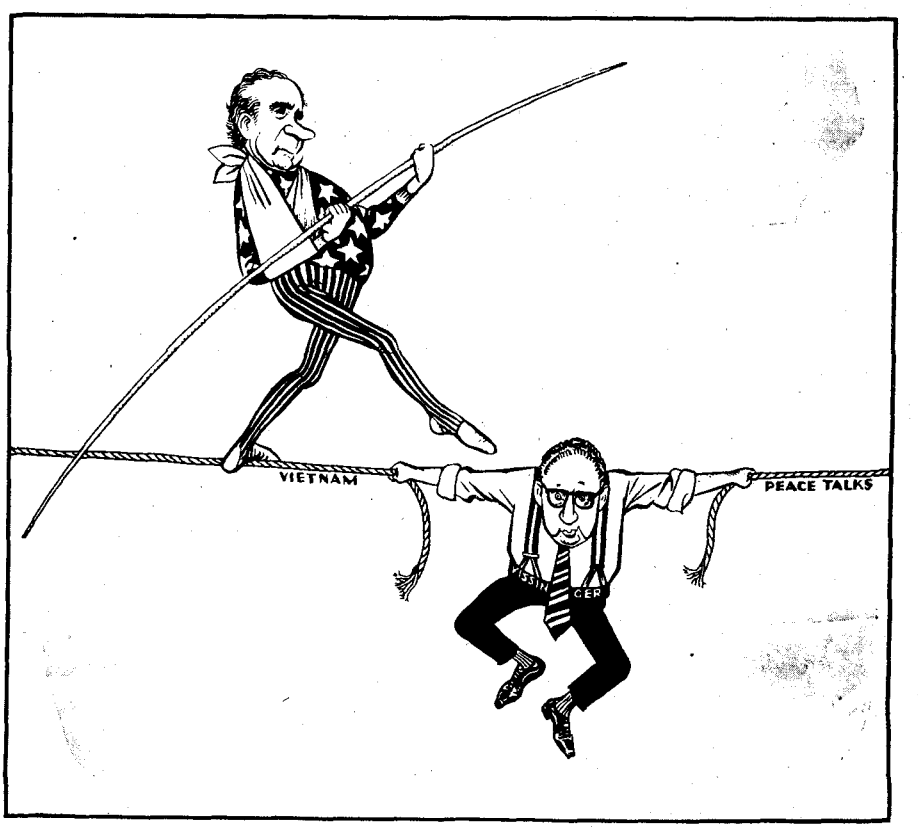


Cookson (London Evening News)

"Some of These Bugging Devices Are So Cunningly Concealed and Are Often No Larger Than a Shirt Button"

Some Cartoons of 1972

Oliphant (Denver Post)



Macpherson (Toronto Star)

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to vote in a bloc, they could swing an election only when the white electorate was split. However, this potential power has had a moderating effect, although other less apparent pressures may also have been at work.

As Mississippi politicians have changed, so have the people and businessmen. Boycotts by blacks have shown white merchants that the Negro dollar can mean the difference between profit and loss. For this reason, and one hopes partly for reasons of decency, merchants have extended the courtesy of "Mr." and "Mrs." to their black customers and are carrying more products, like cosmetics, for blacks. More stores are open to the Negro.

Ten years ago, the sight of a black sitting at the white section of a lunch counter aroused the animal in white patrons. Not long ago, a Negro family sat near my wife and me at a pancake house in Jackson and received service as pleasant as that extended to white patrons. Although many stores closed their lunch and snack bars in the early 1960s rather than integrate them, most have now accepted the idea of desegregated dining.

There are exceptions. Walking into a Primos restaurant near the capital in Jackson one day last summer, I passed one of the last visible vestiges of Mississippi apartheid: a rest-room door marked "colored." Aleck Primos, one of the most successful restaurateurs in Mississippi, has long been an ardent segregationist; his favorite word is "never." It is a shame, since the food in his restaurants is so good.

The news media, too, have discovered the black community. Television was awakened when WLBT in Jackson lost its license when black interest groups charged that the station did not serve the best interests of the entire community—a community that is about 40 per cent black. When the wheels of legal justice had only begun to grind, other stations started hiring black news reporters and cameramen. In contrast to the time when the white population boycotted TV programs sponsored by Ford, Falstaff Brewing Co. and other large companies in protest against their equal employment practices, advertisers no longer need fear the economic consequences of sponsoring the Miss Black America pageant or public discussion shows that deal with desegregation and other racial problems. Although programming aimed directly at blacks is still token, the objectivity of news and other programs in which blacks may be interested or involved, has improved tremendously.

Because of the FCC hold on station franchises, the broadcasters have been the quickest to develop content that appeals to the black community. Among the slowest to respond have been newspapers. Among the slowest of the slow are the *Jackson Clarion-Ledger* and *Jackson Daily News,* the two largest papers in the state, owned by the ultra-segregationist Hederman family. For years, the papers have been a forum for segregationist opinion. But even though they still think that civil rights is a Communist plot and that Martin Luther King was a fellow traveler, the two papers have shown recent signs of softening.

They occasionally run a picture of blacks involved in social events, though the items are invariably buried amid filler. A great milestone was passed for the Hedermans when the picture of a black bride was published in the wedding section. The *Clarion-Ledger,* the morning paper, still carries a column by Tom Ethridge, who often fills his space with racial invective of the most abusive and inflammatory nature. The editorial policies of the papers retain a martyred attitude that is only a little less paranoid than it was in August of 1964, when it depicted the civil rights murders of James Chaney, Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner in Neshoba County as a carefully contrived play by the NAACP and Communist agents to besmirch the good name of Mississippi and its law-abiding citizens and to attract the attention of the FBI and other federal authorities.

There is evidence, however, that the influence of the Hederman journalistic monopoly is weakening. For many years, the gubernatorial candidate backed by the Hedermans invariably won. Charles Sullivan, the Hederman choice in 1971, lost to Waller, who, as Hinds County District Attorney, had prosecuted the murderer of Medgar Evers over the objections of most state political leaders and the Hederman press.

Changes in the power structure of any society are significant. Equally significant, and vital to the perpetuation of change, are antecedent changes in the youth of the society. The present changes in Mississippi have been won blow by blow, court order by court order; few of them would ever have occurred without federal intervention. Now, these gains of freedom and civil rights wrought by federal action have provided room for the seeds of a Populist society to germinate within the youth of the state.

Modern federal intervention in racial matters began in the South in 1954 with the Supreme Court decision in *Brown* v. *Topeka Board of Education.* That decision prompted many states to start abolishing their dual school systems on their own, but Mississippi was not one of them. It refused adamantly to open the doors of its white schools to blacks.

The federal government would threaten aid withdrawal and Mississippi would call its bluff and ignore the court order. The bluffing maneuvers and threats came to a climax on October 29, 1969 with a decision by the Supreme Court which ordered "complete and immediate desegregation" of thirty Mississippi school districts. Under the plan approved by the Court, teachers and students would be reassigned by February 6, 1970, in numbers that reflected community racial composition—60 per cent white and 40 per cent black.

School boards leaped into frenzied activity and by February 6 most classrooms were integrated. For the first time in the history of the state, blacks and whites were going to school together in more than token numbers.

"Less than 10 per cent of the pupils gave us any sort of trouble at all after the massive integration of 1970," said the principal of an integrated high school in Jackson. His appraisal was verified by the black assistant principal, who said: "Maybe 5 per cent of the students give us any trouble. I'm in charge of student discipline and I never thought the concept of a black man disciplining white students would come off this smoothly."

One immediate result of the integration was greater contact between young black and white Mississippians.

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The knowledge thus gained is helping to break down the black stereotypes most of the whites were taught by their elders.

In the midst of the massive school reorganization to meet the October 29th decision, Kathy Coker, a senior at Callaway High School in Jackson, and the editor of the school's yearbook, summed up the feelings of her classmates and of many other white pupils across the state:

> Integration, alone, is not the problem. People who resist are the problem.
>
> The reason the courts ordered integration and will continue ordering change until it is achieved is because the black children have suffered from poor education for years. Many whites claim to be against integration because they fear it may hinder their children's education. If this is true then it is too bad, but after all, it is the whites' turn.
>
> Actually this will not hinder anyone's education if people will try to make it work.
>
> However, many whites say blacks are different. They point to poor jobs and homes. Of course, if you don't have a good job you make very little money. Without money you will have a poor home, no luxuries, and often not enough food. Do you really blame black parents for wanting their children to have a chance at a good education? After all, we had a chance for "separate but equal" schools. When we ignored this we were told to integrate. That was sixteen years ago. I think the blacks have waited long enough.

Students at Callaway High School in Jackson set up a tutoring program which often results in a white tutor for a black tutee. "It's time the youth started doing something to show people we don't buy white supremacy any more," said one white tutor. "This isn't a bundle of white paternalistic BS," he added; "it's just a nuts-and-bolts helping hand." Other youths like him are working in freedom schools, with VISTA and with civil rights attorneys, all to further the cause of equality.

A letter printed in the *Jackson Daily News* on September 23, 1964, summed up the average Mississippian's attitude then toward whites who work with blacks. It said, in part: "How any person could be a traitor to the white race by being a freedom worker is beyond me. How can a man or woman be traitor enough to his own race to support the civil rights bill is beyond me. The white freedom workers have turned against the white race. No white girl will be safe on any street in any town if the white traitors have their way. . . ."

Previously, the whites who worked with blacks were from outside the state; rarely did a white native stoop to become a "traitor to his race." Today, white parents and politicians can no longer console themselves by thinking that all of the white troublemakers are "outsiders." Integration has become an inside job.

The scalawag, born with Reconstruction, was a native Southerner who preferred to pledge his allegiance to the Stars and Stripes rather than to the Stars and Bars. He became a pariah and was perpetually in danger from the Ku Klux Klan and other vigilante groups.

The spirit of the scalawag is alive today, risen from the fires of racial hatred, injustice and prejudice. It is so alive in many of the youth of the state that they have been branded the "new scalawags" by their elders.

The new scalawags represent no formal movement, rather a change of spirit, a mood. The potential has long been in the minds of the youth, but had been repressed until the protection of the federal government made it possible to speak and act openly without fear of bodily harm. "I suppose you could call me a scalawag," mused Ron Welch, a third-year law student at Ole Miss, who in the summer works for a firm of civil rights lawyers in Jackson. "I'm working against the ideals of the Old South.

"Equality is a myth right now, but at least it is safe to try to obtain it," he said. "Racial harmony is not really a goal. You have to have equality first, and harmo-

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ny should follow afterward. The answer is not to simply ask someone's cooperation; you've got to watch public officials and sue the hell out of them when they step out of line."

Along with the students, the teachers are changing. One young white elementary schoolteacher who taught at a predominantly black school last year said that the experience changed her ideas about integrated teaching. "The only trouble I had was with the few white children. They were mostly from poor families, and to be honest, they just weren't as sharp as the black kids. This bothered them and they resorted to racial slurs and cursing."

Her spare time is often spent with the children in her class. Many have never been to a doctor or dentist; she takes them there and sometimes pays the bills. They call her up at night with family problems and she listens. Often she goes to see the family to try to help solve family disputes with the children.

The integrated schools now have racist competition. Private "segregationist academies" have sprouted like weeds in a garden. The largest and most notorious of these are the schools run in Jackson by the Citizens' Councils, a middle- and upper-middle-class white supremacist organization sometimes referred to as the white-collar Klan. Council Schools, as they are called, are cheap, inferior imitations of the public system.

"I knew one teacher who majored in art and wound up teaching geography in a Council School," said Sandra Brooks, a young teacher at the educational television center in Jackson.

"The funny thing about many of the people going to Council Schools," said Pat Booker, former student body president of Callaway High, now at Harvard, "is that they are not bigots at all. Some of them went because they didn't want to sit by a black, but many of them were forced to go there by their parents."

The Council Schools serve a kind of ironic purpose. Many public school officials to whom I talked said that they siphoned off most of the troublemakers from the public schools. "It's better to remove those who can't change," said Booker. "I guess we were better off sending the hopeless cases to the Council Schools."

Education, prodded and protected by the federal government, has borne the brunt of integration in Mississippi. In a related vein, sociologists have found that naked racism is usually more prevalent among the uneducated and poor than it is among those who are better off socially and by education. The most avid supporter of white racism in Mississippi has been the poor, illiterate sharecropper. Violence is the language of the inarticulate.

The ignorant rural laborer stands to lose most from the growth of Negro equality. He had no status, no money, no land, no education—nothing except his self-conceived superiority over the Negro. He had no self-respect save what he could get from feeling superior to the black.

Education has interrupted the eternal cycle of poverty, but in education lies the destruction of white supremacy in Mississippi. As the redneck gains respect, he ceases to be a redneck. There are still thousands of deprived whites in Mississippi, but they are a dying breed.

Integrated education has not been completely alone in nurturing the growth of the new scalawag. The effects of the mass media have also helped to destroy the state's bigotry, which flourished in isolation. The barriers started to crack with the advent of radio, and that small trickle of outside ideas became a torrent with the invention of television. At last, Mississippi could see how the rest of the nation looked and thought.

More important, TV in the 1950s became a baby sitter for the youth of the state; they often paid more attention to it than they did to their parents. As a result, they developed in much the same way as did youth all across the nation. Regional variations became lost in the electronic shuffle. The television set brought home the brutalities of police dogs shredding the flesh of black men in Birmingham and Selma and the brutality of the sheriff and his cronies who conspired to kill those three civil rights workers in Neshoba County and bury their bodies beneath an earthen dam. The youth of Mississippi were shocked, as were the youth of Oshkosh, Wis. or Bath, N.Y. "Southern youth today feel like part of a national culture," said Booker.

The changes in Mississippi have been mind-boggling. They have been fundamental, deep and damaging to the psyche of many of the state's residents, who have had to see their old comfortable standards collapse. The changes in Mississippi have indeed been great, but the state still has a long way to go.

"It is worth noting that everything the white Southerner once said would never happen has happened," said Hodding Carter III, Pulitzer Prize-winning Mississippi journalist at a symposium on the Contemporary South last year in Tampa, Fla. "But I have fears about where we will go in the future. Much can be done in ways subtle and not so subtle." He has said several times that he thinks President Nixon has slowed racial progress in the South.

Reconstruction ended with what some Mississippians refer to as Redemption, and which produced for most blacks conditions worse than slavery. "There's not going to be another Redemption," said Welch; "there has just been too much progress. Sure, progress can be slowed, but it will never turn around." During the Johnson era, the FBI was omnipresent in Mississippi, ready to deal with any violations of the then new Civil Rights Acts. "We're just on our own now," said one black resident of Jackson. "We can't depend on the federal government any more. Any progress that comes now comes because all of the people of the state want it."

Ross Barnett, a prominent Jackson lawyer, told me he felt that sentiments were swinging back toward segregation and would one day return to the apartheid that once reigned supreme in Mississippi. "Jim Eastland has plenty of influence in the White House, and with the man in there now, Mississippi is going to get her way."

Whether or not the United States has an Executive who is lax in enforcing civil rights legislation, the fact remains that Mississippi has moved far toward a moderate stance in ideology and, with the political awareness that has been raised among blacks and youth, is likely to keep moving in the same direction, even if, thanks to the President, the change comes more slowly. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Conservative Anarchist of 'Politics Within Limits'

LITTLE PRAYERS AND FINITE EXPERIENCE. *By Paul Goodman. Harper & Row. 124 pp. $5.95.*

KINGSLEY WIDMER
Mr. Widmer, a literary and social critic, teaches at California State University, San Diego.

Paul Goodman's last book, completed not long before his death at 60 this year, was not his best work. But Goodman has been, I believe, one of our more provocative and important social critics and moralists. And even this final mishmash shows some of that. For Goodman was right in his typically awkward little verse that says of himself that he had "the gift of earnest speech/ that says how a thing is"—and how many things ought to be.

This book consists of 110 prayer-poems, the majority of them reprinted (and which I will not comment upon), and fifty-four brief prose ruminations restating some of his intellectual and social views. The double role, littérateur and social critic, ran through all of his life. Of his two dozen published volumes, about half are "literary" (poems, plays, stories, novels, confessions). It is the other half of his writings, where important social subject and unusual earnestness overcome difficulties of style, which were, and remain, valuable. Recall such useful essays as *Communitas* and its imaginatively utopian yet very specific and pertinent thinking about "city planning" and communal forms. And *People or Personnel*, an incisive argument for "decentralization" in many of our overpowered and dehumanizing institutions which yet treats with considerable subtlety and balance the issues of moving toward a "mixed" institutional order of greater freedom and variety and life quality.

Perhaps Goodman's literary awkwardness and social perceptiveness complement each other. In *Finite Experience*, he several times speaks of his "extraordinary ineptitude." For the practice of a craft, such as literature, that may be damaging, but for the practice of social wisdom, such as compassion for the perplexities of the young, that may be essential. The great myth of the festering "wound" and the compensatory "bow" also applies to social thinkers. In *Compulsory Mis-Education*, and other essays, Goodman acutely dissected what happens in schools and radically insisted on opportunities for the young not only to discover themselves but to become actively part of society. Bureaucratic pedagogy cannot provide that. As he restated the issue a couple of years ago in *New Reformation*, a majority of students—bright white middle class as well as underclass—find high schools and universities to be negative experiences which cripple their learning and their human vitalities.

Goodman proposed various open and noncoercive experiences for children, considerable independence and social activity with their peers for adolescents, apprenticeships in actual crafts and professions for young adults, and academic sanctuary and reflection—methodological, historical, philosophical—only after one has acquired a sense of himself and society. It makes admirable sense, especially within his arguments that at each level of learning there must be a full sense of "autonomy" and self-directed "community" as the basis of continuing worth.

Goodman was an early and seminal opponent of the liberal prejudice that we can resolve our problems with more schools and schooling—the mirror image of the reactionary bigotry that imagines we can eliminate our social problems with more police and policing. He had a just horror of our endless custodial busywork and mandarin aggrandizement and humanly wasteful academicization of the lively. Historically, Goodman has been a key figure in carrying earlier American progressive education, run aground in programmed submissiveness and bureaucratic vulgarization, to the "new school" and "de-schooling" educational reformers of the present. Though himself heavily schooled, all the way to a Chicago Ph.D., he never lost a sense of the personal need and social ineptness of urban youth. The answers to those problems were not in the indoctrinations of "school-monks" and specialisms of careerist mandarins but in acquiring craft and vocation, in an almost religious sense, in the real world.

Such an anti-schooling view of education, paradigmatic for Goodman's other social views, aimed at a rather Jeffersonian vision of people living in sturdy and creative independence in viable communities. In education, as in economics and politics, decentralizing was the crux: "localism, ruralism, face-to-face organization," all based on a pluralistic sense of "natural rights." Whether the issue was communications media, consumer shopping, high culture, research science, daily work, foreign aid or sexual relations, Goodman searched for the direct, responsive and humanely scaled way of doing. That led him, of course, against the hard grain of most ways of doing in our mass-technological-bureaucratic order, or disorder.

His insistence on a "politics within limits" appeared drastic to the conventional Left and Right alike in its demands for a modest and humanly proportioned social order. With some quaintness, he eventually came to identify his views as "conservative anarchism." (Yet another example of how traditional Right-Left distinctions no longer fit our realities and ideas.) Like many anarchists, he was angrily preservative in temper, though it becomes increasingly hard to find things to preserve, and humble in hopes. As he writes in *Finite Experience*, "idolatry makes me uneasy. I don't like my country to be a Great Power." But the inverted megalomania of much of the New Left, which took him up but also put him back down in the 1960s, was no adequate alternative: "I am squeamish about masses of people enthusiastically building a New Society," and "One must not manipulate real people because of an abstract idea." Right or Left, he was against manipulation and domination, which these days made him far more negative and alienated than suited his temperament.

"Our mistake is to arm anybody with collective power." Authentic politics, then, is resistance to and reduction of collective power and control. Unlike many libertarians, Goodman did not base this on a benign view of human nature. On the contrary, he thought people will often be, and have a right to be, "crazy, stupid or arrogant." Society should be so organized as to admit such possibilities. Still, when not empowered and driven to impose on others, or resentfully destroy them, most people may be able to arrive at some useful work, affectionate relationships and some small happiness. Large ambitions and powers and institutions interfere with this. Big and centralized

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organization "guarantees stupidity" about tangible life because it must, for its manipulations, abstract away from it. Big and aggrandizing goals—such as high growth rates and pretentious standards of living, world influence and military body counts, humanly indifferent productions and certifications (whether in bombs, Ph.D.s, passenger miles, heroes, consumer products, cultural artifacts or revolutionary changes)—falsify limited, day-by-day, human possibilities. Our total institutions, such as insane asylums and prisons, show the human waste and apparently inevitable brutalization of powerful systems of social control. A society dedicated, as ours often is, to the big, expansive, centralized and hierarchical way of doing things—be it the military, the university, the media network, the corporate factory or the state administration—will end with "immense means" furthering themselves, institutions tending more and more to function for the institutions' sake.

Goodman's political counters to this, as well as his positive social goals, were small scale. He disliked generalized movements that would impose a "positive morality," or destructive "spite." He had, perhaps, an excessive optimism about the political effectiveness of radical efforts at "secession," "autonomous communities," "passive resistance" and the general good effects of independent honesty and intelligence and work. This is part of his earnestness which, even if mistaken, is mostly admirable. He lacked the usual political man's cynicism. And he lacked the saving irony which is the usual defense, and withdrawal tactic, of the literary intellectual. He may be criticized for not having an adequate political means to his goal of a responsively finite socio-political order. But who has? And in the meantime he did have an active, and exceedingly decent, individual and small-group morality of resistance.

Goodman's views were also conservative in another, and less radical, way; he was, for reasons never clear to me, no egalitarian. Perhaps this was another result of the "inept" not only admiring those of special skills—the "professional" with his guild community—as he did, but a willingness to allow them excessive prerogatives and perquisites. But, he commented, this should not be confused with what is now "mistakenly called 'conservatism,'" which destructively reduces all vocations and moral and aesthetic and communal goods to the economic marketplace, itself increasingly abstracted and manipulated away from concrete human needs. General Motors is not Adam Smith's nail manufactory, and the mad glut of extravagant American automobiles on strangling freeways is neither rational economy nor reasonable transportation. (Goodman, I believe, was one of the first, a generation ago, to typically argue for "banning the car from the city.")

Perhaps partly because of what he called his "ineptness" at dealing with the larger world, and perhaps partly from a poet-pose of detachment, Goodman, with what he liked to call his "dumb bunny" proposals for doing things more simply and directly and humanely, had an expert nose for the rationalized irrationalities of our gigantism. Not only in schooling and production and urbanization and military manias but in ways of thought. Unlike most humanists, he had an abiding devotion to physical science—he delights in citing in *Finite Experience* how the apprentice Faraday achieved his mastery and his discoveries—but therefore scorns the replacement of individual science and the open scientific community by bureaucratized "research and development" dedicated, often, to immoral corporate and mandarin and nationalistic purposes. He did not believe that science was "value-neutral" but saw it in practice as a heroic secular form of the "Calvinist virtues" of self-discipline, austerity, humility and vocation.

A similar sense of Enlightenment finiteness marks his concern with other intellectual activities. Art should be personal and communal ritual, clear and ordered, with an Aristotelian beginning, middle and end. The philosophical mind should not create metaphysical and ideological systems but should carry out the Kantian duty of criticizing the applied professions and faculties of knowledge, in a kind of permanent opposition. In religion—this book is, curiously, part of a "Religious Perspectives" series—his views were equally "finite." He was willing to allow for small gods and personal and communal "creator spirits." But, he says, he "never experienced that All is One or that everything is connected." Apparently big religious claims also "guarantee stupidity" and are indifferent to tangible life in society.

Aware as he is of impending death, the underlying theme of Goodman's prayer-poems, philosophical notes, aesthetic marginalia and social criticism I take to be the comment that, logically, "the chances of personal happiness are trivial." There's no good human use in disguising that truth, but there is also none in resigning oneself to worsening it. We must do what we can to make that condition more communally bearable. In a characteristic sentence in *Finite Experience*, he says that his social criticism always aimed to "diminish intermediary services that are not directly productive or directly enjoyed." Quite possibly, life was ultimately a waste, but further wasting it was the ultimate sin. Spiteful stupidity, wars, coercive governments, big bad institutions, pretentious arts, mean schooling, repression of affectionate sex, enforced anxiety and competition, and general human alienation, were all a terrible waste.

The early Paul Goodman was a Left-Freudian, artistic vanguardist and radical anarchist. After a surprising, and rather fortuitous, degree of public success in his middle age—partly with the aid of his New York intellectual coterie—he became rather more an Enlightenment moralist, though still aptly scoring our manias of gigantism. That his views, early and late, seemed peculiar to many, may be less to his discredit than to theirs. I don't mean to deny his humorless oddness—evident in his publicized bisexuality, in his awkward style that mixed the

POEM
(Translated by Mirú Capuya)

He walked these streets—no profession, no job, flat broke.
Only poets, tarts, and moonstruck lovers knew his verses.
He never went abroad.
He went to jail.
Now he is dead.
He has no monument.

But
think of him when you have concrete bridges,
great turbines, tractors, shining grain elevators,
good government.
For he purified in his poems the language of his people
in which some day they'll write business contracts,
the Constitution, love letters, and decrees.

Ernesto Cardenal

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pedantic and the outrageous, and in a personal manner of arrogant humility and egotistical simplicity, which I, too, found irritating—but it was an earnestly intelligent and often insightful peculiarity. I doubt if Paul Goodman ever realized just how eccentric and inept he was, and how peculiarly distant from mainstream America. But he had the courage of his confusions. As a man of letters, in the Enlightenment sense now so rare, he fortunately did not confine himself to "poet" but thought and wrote and acted contentiously and suggestively on all he could of finite society and life. It was a valuable effort, not to be defined by any particular ineptness, and we could use more of it. □

Two Cheers for the Revolution

LITERATURE IN REVOLUTION. *Edited by George Abbott White and Charles Newman. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 640 pp. $12.95.*

ROBERT F. MOSS
Mr. Moss is an assistant professor of English at Rutgers University.

The politicization of literary studies in this country over the last few years—an obvious outgrowth of campus protest—has called forth a stream of anthologies and critical studies designed to be "socially relevant." In the past, works of this nature have often been inspired by Marxist views, but we need not assign restrictive labels in advance; nor is the prospect of young radical scholars and critics concentrating on the socio-economic dimensions of literature anything to shrink from.

One turns to *Literature in Revolution* with these thoughts in mind. But it is unfortunate to have to report that the best work in this collection, a set of essays on more or less political themes by various hands, is not that of the Young Turks but rather of the old, established names—none of whom seems particularly unorthodox. In "Susan Sontag's 'New Left' Pastoral," for example, Leo Marx calls attention to some intriguing parallels between Sontag's *Trip to Hanoi,* with its sentimental effusions over the North Vietnamese peasantry, and the communal, peace-and-love segments of the New Left. Marx fits both Sontag and the hippies into a dreamy pastoral tradition, though his conclusions about the revolutionary possibilities of Sontag's outlook are unexpected and rather soft-headed. The political aspects of pastoralism are subjected to further scrutiny by John Seelye who, in an essay of remarkable sweep and penetration, surveys the tradition from Virgil to Thoreau. Seelye is astute in detecting a subversive as well as an "establishmentarian" element in pastoralism.

Of equally high caliber is Conor Cruise O'Brien's thoughtful discussion of the relationship between Yeats's poetry and his right-wing political views. O'Brien, an Irishman who straddles the literary and political spheres himself, approaches his task with thorough scholarship, fair-mindedness and, of course, considerable intimacy with Irish history. Raymond Williams does not do quite as well by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, but his remarks on the Russian novelist bypass the overworked theme of political persecution in favor of an aesthetic critique of Solzhenitsyn's work. If Williams' study must be placed below O'Brien's, Harry Levin's "Shakespeare and 'The Revolution of the Times'" carries us still further down the scale of good criticism. Levin, who has written competently on Marlowe, Joyce and various American authors, seems lost in the Shakespearean landscape; he drifts from subject to subject (Hamlet's suicide, kingship in the historical plays, etc.) without ever delimiting a topic. Noam Chomsky is in much better form. The well-known scholar in linguistics continues his war against behavioralism, this time attacking on the philosophical front. He claims Descartes, Rousseau and Kant as allies in his effort to prove the existence of a "universal grammar" and link it to an innate human drive for freedom. Chomsky's easy conversance with the rich humanist tradition he summons up in this essay is certainly impressive, but it is strange to find him calling for the study of language as an index of human nature and yet omitting all mention of such linguistic philosophers as Wittgenstein or Gilbert Ryle.

In searching the academy for contributors, White and Newman have found some figures of lesser incandescence to place alongside the Chomskys, O'Briens and Levins. Aileen Ward, an able Keats scholar, is the best of these. Her exploration of Blake's politics, "The Forging of Orc," is a sensible and informed study of the poet's transformation from political to spiritual revolutionary. Analyzing Blake's mythological characters, Ward does an excellent job of knitting together the political turbulence of the 1790s and the poet's inner convulsions, as reflected in his later prophetic books. From Ward's careful probings, it is a long step down to Krystyna Devert's thoroughly pedestrian "Hermann Hesse: Apostle of the Apolitical Revolution," a hackneyed summary of Hesse's artistic and philosophical growth, followed by the author's own metaphysical speculations. The latter provide, however unintentionally, a virtual inventory of the *idées reçues* of our time—the dead gods, the cheerless universe, the existential choice, and so forth. Read in sequence, Devert's essay probably will not seem as bad as it really is, since the (diligent) reader will have just emerged from Allen Grossman's tortuous commentary on Milton's sonnet, "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont." Grossman's notion of the theme of the poem, which, in an aberrant moment of clarity he sums up perfectly as "the absence of any compensating event by which the Waldensian atrocity could be rendered consistent with a Providential view of history," is inflated to grotesque dimensions, in terms of style and thought alike.

So glaring is the tendency to verbosity in this volume that we are hardly surprised when one of the editors exhibits the same sin. White's appreciation of F. O. Matthiessen is a shaggy affair whose 70 pages could easily have been cut to 40 without loss of substance. And yet, stuffed though it is with pointless digressions and excessive documentation, the essay does demonstrate a genuine feeling for its subject; Matthiessen emerges from it as a complex and fascinating figure, one of our great men of letters.

At one point or another the academics in this collection betray most of the faults that are attributed to their calling, but, on balance, their relative solidity begins to look pretty good when one sees how marshy the ground around them is. Marge Piercy and Dick Lourie, both poets, have contributed a collaborative essay in which they talk in alternating passages about the need to make poetry relevant to the masses. This they hope to accomplish, apparently, by jettisoning all formal criteria and replacing content with left-wing cant. They are followed by Truman Nelson, who describes the creative process behind his novels, and which consists mainly of straining historical figures like John Brown through a rigid Marxist ideology.

Although Carlos Fuentes, the Mexican novelist, is right on the mark when he complains about the debasement of language by political leaders,

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GLASS

If the conditions are such
that it doesn't reflect me
I can see through it,

can see through
my own image

Lennart Bruce

the same points were made earlier, better and more succinctly by George Orwell in "Politics and the English Language." In addition, Fuentes' sweeping Marxist re-evaluation of American letters renders an entire literature unrecognizable. (Dreiser and Norris, for example, are metamorphosed into "optimistic" authors.) Another Marxist, Carl Oglesby, examines *Moby Dick* in a style so opaque that only with the greatest difficulty can one glimpse his central argument: Ahab is a deranged, profit-hungry capitalist. Similarly, Tony Stoneburner's "Notes on Prophecy and Apocalypse in a Time of Anarchy and Revolution" is so completely awash in a sea of abstractions that the reader's interest does not survive the first 2 or 3 pages. Sol Yurick is a little easier to read, but no easier to agree with; his thesis—literature is a vast "Marxist detective novel," with the ruling class as the culprit—would seem pretty dubious even if it were not presented in 50 pages of absurdly portentous mutterings.

Of the three essays on popular culture that are included, Paul Buhle's "The New Comics and American Culture" is the best. Buhle's treatment of traditional art is a fatuous stretch of unsubstantiated generalization, but once he turns to comics themselves he proves to be a perceptive critic, employing (it might pain him to learn) old-fashioned critical standards with considerable intelligence. The accompanying frames are convincing evidence of the claims he makes for artists like Robert Crumb and Gilbert Shelton. On the other hand, after reading Todd Gitlin's recommendations for radicalizing television, most readers will probably be happy to leave it as a "tool of the bourgeoisie." Hugh Fox's celebration of the Yippies, "U.S. Iconography and the Yippie Media Termites," written in the zap-pow "media language" of McLuhan, manages to provide neither medium nor message; for the most part, it is content to splash words and phrases around chaotically.

With two editors selecting manuscripts for *Literature in Revolution* we might expect a double vigilance. We do not get it. White and Newman can be credited with presenting a half-dozen stimulating essays. But against that we must balance the windiness of some of the contributors, the haphazard organization of material, and the doctrinaire tone that characterizes the more radical voices in the collection. Then, too, the editors have admitted frequent patches of barbarous prose. It is outrageous to ask any reader to battle his way through pages of esoteric diction ("halieutic," "hypotactic") cloudy abstractions (an abundance of words like "ontology," "phenomenology" and "reify"); seemingly willful infelicities (Milton's "psychic totalism," the "fame culture" of "Lycidas"); laborious rhapsodies (Oglesby tells us that Ahab "was killed forever like a blithering stovepipe madman by some disinterestedly passionate white snake") and plain turgidity ("Poetry and prayer represent the will of man toward self-identification in the fundamental value of the person manifested in the ambiguous medium of language"). In short, the reader who picks up *Literature in Revolution* must embrace with special fervor the philosophy of taking the bad along with the good. □

REVISIONISM: TWO VIEWS

1. Let Him Who Is Without Sin . . .

THE UNITED STATES AND THE ORIGINS OF THE COLD WAR, 1941-1947. *By John Lewis Gaddis. Columbia University Press. 396 pp. $12.50. Paper $3.95.*

D. F. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming is the author of a two-volume history, The Cold War and Its Origins, 1917-1960, *published by Doubleday.*

This book is an excellent addition to the history of the cold war. It describes Roosevelt's desire to win World War II by the use of our superior technology, avoiding great losses of men, while Stalin, whose country had endured three devastating invasions through East Europe in one lifetime, was determined to close this invasion gate permanently. FDR understood the point, but did not feel able to explain it to our people. Instead, he went along with Churchill's reluctance to cross the Channel and participated in the great North African-Italian detour. This enabled the Anglo-Americans to hold their war deaths to less than a million, while the Russians lost approximately 16 million people, military and civilian. Since Roosevelt's early promise to invade Europe in 1942 was not redeemed until 1944, it "aggravated Soviet hostility toward the West, thereby imperiling his own hopes for the post-war world."

John Gaddis illuminates the leading issue which came to divide us from the USSR—how to deal with Germany and East Europe—with his discussion of the conflict between a policy of repression in Germany, for military convenience and for the sake of reparations collection, and the policy of rehabilitation which was favored by the State Department. He shows that FDR appreciated the decisive need of the Russians for a condition of security in East Europe that would override the somewhat nebulous Yalta Conference formulas for the future of the area. Also, he was well aware of Russia's need for loans to finance reconstruction; but the various U.S. loan proposals were abortive, and Roosevelt held back aid to Russian reconstruction as one of the few means available to influence Russian policies in Europe.

Explaining Mr. Truman's efforts to carry out FDR's policies, the book describes the turn in 1946 toward getting tough with Russia. That policy was influenced largely by George Kennan's "long telegram" of February 22, 1946, which portrayed in dire terms the bottomless depths of Russian suspicion, at the same time that John Foster Dulles described an alleged Soviet plan for a worldwide *Pax Sovietica* based on communism. Utterances like these led to the Truman Doctrine, and "By presenting aid to Greece and Turkey in terms of an ideological conflict between two ways of life, Washington officials encouraged a simplistic view of the cold war which was, in time, to imprison American diplomacy in an ideological straitjacket almost as confining as that which restricted Soviet foreign policy."

Gaddis concludes that responsibility for the onset of the cold war must be divided. He says that it "grew out of a complicated interaction of external and internal developments" inside each of the superpowers. Leaders of both sought peace, "but in doing so yielded to considerations which, while they did not precipitate war, made a resolution of differences impossible."

The book makes an effective attack

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on the economic determinism of the revisionists, especially on the belief "that survival of the capitalist system at home required the unlimited expansion of American economic influence overseas." Gaddis denies, too, that our policy makers enjoyed greater freedom of choice in the early years of the cold war. He holds that the opposite was true, when the constraints of our domestic policies are considered. He finds the cold war too complicated an event to be discussed in terms of national guilt, and that when the "complex interaction of stimulus and response is taken into account, it becomes clear that neither side can bear sole responsibility for the onset of the cold war." □

2. Fighting the Cold War Again

RICHARD W. FOX
Mr. Fox is doing graduate work at Stanford, specializing in the history of the Second International. He is also writing a study of Morris Hillquit.

American scholarship on the origins of the cold war has been dominated since the mid-1960s by the "revisionists"—those who insist that American policy during and after World War II was largely, though not exclusively, responsible for the deep freeze which followed. Scholars like D. F. Fleming, Gar Alperovitz, Walter LaFeber, Gabriel Kolko and Barton Bernstein—all of them indebted to William Appleman Williams—have argued that, in the absence of Russian archival documents to the contrary, the cold war cannot be explained by Soviet "expansionism," to which America reluctantly responded by a policy of containment. Instead, they have suggested that the American Government's disregard for a legitimate Soviet security belt in Eastern Europe, and its determination to use both its atomic monopoly and the offer of a postwar loan as a means to force Russian "cooperation," may have needlessly embittered relations. The uncompromising position of policy makers like James Byrnes and George Kennan, claim the revisionists, was based on the view that Russia's behavior was so determined by a fanatical ideology that, in Kennan's unforgettable phrase, it expanded "inexorably along the prescribed path, like a persistent toy automobile wound up and headed in a given direction, stopping only when it meets unanswerable force."

Now, with John Gaddis' heavily documented volume, a counterattack on the revisionist position has been launched. As if responding to Arthur Schlesinger's plea for a more "tragic" history of the cold war—one which would grasp the inevitability of conflict with a "sinister, totalitarian society," and the inability of fallible, human statesmen to "shape" history—Gaddis has tried to show that the revisionists are unaware of the "narrow range of alternatives open to American leaders during this period." Revisionists do not realize, he argues, that American policy makers are hemmed in by domestic public opinion and by Congressional watchdogs. While American leaders might have been inclined toward opening a second front in Europe in 1942 or 1943, exempting Eastern Europe from the Atlantic Charter, offering a reconstruction loan to Russia, and sharing the atomic bomb, their hands were tied because of potential domestic political opposition. Such policies "were not viable alternatives at the time"; moreover, "it is surely uncharitable, if not unjust, to condemn officials for rejecting courses of action which to them seemed intolerable."

Gaddis has put his finger on a weakness of the revisionist literature—its neglect of domestic pressures on policy makers, its too exclusive stress on the "open-door" dynamics of expansionist capitalism. But Gaddis tends to go to the opposite extreme, invoking "public opinion" as a fixed entity to which policy makers had constantly to defer, rather than a fluid atmosphere which leaders skilled in the arts of propaganda could shape. Gaddis tells us, for example, that a reconstruction loan to Russia "would have evoked a storm of protest from a Congress still largely isolationist in its approach to foreign aid." But what if the administration had portrayed the loan in early 1945 as a means of saving American lives, by guaranteeing Russian participation in the war against Japan? Public opinion could surely have been brought around, and the Congress with it.

But Gaddis goes further out on the limb in order to quell the revisionists. "Even if American officials had enjoyed a completely free hand in seeking a settlement with the U.S.S.R., it seems unlikely that they would have succeeded." Traditional Russian distrust of foreigners, Communist ideology, and "Stalin's paranoia, together with the institutionalized suspicion with which he surrounded himself," made the Soviet Union "not susceptible to gestures of conciliation from the West." The real tragedy of the situation, according to Gaddis, is that "Stalin's absolute powers did give him more chances to surmount the internal restraints on his policy than were available to his democratic counterparts in the West." If only, that is, Stalin had not been paranoid, communism had not been an uncompromising ideology, and Russia had not been traditionally xenophobic, accommodation with the West might have been possible.

This is the heart of Gaddis' argument, as it has been of "realists" from Kennan to Schlesinger. But to prove Stalin's paranoia he relies on the "pathological suspicion with which Stalin treated his associates," assuming that if Stalin was paranoid with respect to his subordinates he must ultimately be paranoid with respect to Western diplomats. No evidence is adduced of paranoid Soviet behavior in the international sphere; on the contrary, Gaddis presents much evidence of Stalin's moderation in response to broken promises and slights by his American allies (as in Roosevelt's promise of a second front in 1942). Gaddis likewise documents Soviet willingness to compromise with Communist ideology, as in Stalin's abandonment of the Greek Communist struggle. Similarly, it is not sufficient to assert that Russians are xenophobic; we need examples of xenophobic behavior on their part—and behavior that can be shown to have influenced the course of the cold war at that.

Gaddis grants that with the Truman Doctrine's declaration of ideological war in 1947, American diplomacy became "imprisoned" in an "ideological straitjacket almost as confining as that which restricted Soviet foreign policy" (though we are not told what made it *less* confining). But "if one must assign responsibility for the cold war," Gaddis concludes, the award must still go to the Russians, whose leader had greater freedom of action since he was not the prisoner of public opinion. To what extent a paranoid leader of a xenophobic nation may be said to be "free" to compromise is not made clear. From Gaddis' own argument the cold war would appear instead to have been an "irrepressible conflict," with American leaders unable to compromise because of public pressure, and the Soviets driven by their distinctive ideology.

Gaddis has synthesized a vast body of literature in a highly polished narrative. Yet one feels that he has not engaged the revisionists at their strongest point—their assertion that American policy makers, especially after Roosevelt's death, chose to coerce the Russians on issues like Eastern Europe, and that they could have acted more accommodatingly without sacrificing American security. □

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Clearing a Space for the New

CLOSE-UP: A Critical Perspective on Film. *By Marsha Kinder and Beverle Houston. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 395 pp. Paper $4.95.*

JOHN RECHY
Mr. Rechy is the author of *City of Night and the recently published* The Vampires. *His fifth novel,* The Fourth Angel, *will appear this spring (Richard Seaver Books, Viking Press).*

This book presents a totally fresh concept of film appreciation and analysis. By implication it speaks loudly against the entrapped state of established criticism and its inability to incorporate the new, much less the radical. Indeed, the book's strength and originality are partly a result of its total "permissiveness." Its credo, which is that of the Mick Jagger character in *Performance,* is that "everything is permitted to the creative imagination."

It appears at a significant time, when art may be attempting to redefine itself in radical terms. Perhaps the most liberated of all the media, film may become a powerful influence on the other arts. And *Close-up* is particularly important because of its emphasis on experimentation.

By their approach, the authors indict critics who arrive at generalizations that limit exploration in films: "When a new work comes along, it is frequently condemned because it does not fulfill expectations aroused by works of the past." Such a prescriptive, reactionary view of art assumes agreement on what art is, its past and future characteristics readily defined. The authors would question such expectations and definitions which arbitrarily render an exciting new work not art, but self-indulgent, chaotic, a put-on. Criticism must "leave room for the unknown" in order to accept the new work—Pop art, Happenings, rock music—that will challenge current critical assumptions. Art itself forces a critic to revise his approach.

"Permissive," I called it: The authors announce no preconceptions about what they are looking for in a work—the work determines that; innovation constantly alters the shape of art. And so the book is as free to discuss acknowledged "classics" (*Birth of a Nation, Citizen Kane*) as innovative shorts (the computer-generated *Lapis,* Pat O'Neill's *Runs Good*)—an open-ended approach that is as receptive to underground as to dramatic films.

What the authors offer, then, is a unique manner of thinking that opens the viewer to innovation and the recognition of an individual film's intrinsic worth. The evaluation of each film is based on what succeeds, and what does not—all within the structure of the film maker's subject matter, intentions and attitudes.

The problem of determining an artist's intention, of course, is complex. The authors define their approach: to "explore the striking and unusual ways in which the film uses components of the medium to create its unique nondiscursive qualities . . . [by examining] the parts in relationship to each other as they form an autonomous structure." Form and content, together, comprise the film's "meaning." The arrangement of formal components—use of time, space, narrative continuity, camera movement, editing pace, visual composition—provides choices for each film maker, choices which interpret events and ideas; the result is an emergent attitude toward experience, and the creation of the unique world of each film.

Because of its clear, precise language —which avoids both critical and film jargon—this book will enhance the pleasure of those who simply enjoy movies. Too, because of the high, elegant standards of its critical approach, it will expand the experience of more serious viewers even when they may disagree with the authors' interpretation. My own approach to film has been enriched by this book. I was rewarded by an expanded vision not only of films but of the other arts as well, a vision as valid to the critic as to the artist.

Kubrick's *2001: Space Odyssey* the authors see—on one of several levels discussed—as an allegory of the development of cinema itself: from stills to talkies to the era of dazzling film effects. They trace the rock documentary from the naïveté of *Monterey Pop* (an "innocent" time, and so the film is static), to the clumsy proselytizing of *Woodstock* (hence the split, schizophrenic approach in its graphics and its attitude), to the bitter insights of *Gimme Shelter* (which frenetically depicts the frenetic end of the love culture).

The highly melodramatic, operatic style of Visconti's *The Damned,* the authors see as an expression of a complex view of power based on a combination of madness and control. Material objects on a formal dinner table slip out of focus (control) as a political argument erupts, signaling the breakdown of a political structure. A black-and-red shot of Sophie in that film is a metaphor of her demonic power, and a hypodermic needle suggests the draining of her strength by her son in an incestuous relationship.

Motion and stasis (whirling shots and still shots) represent two worlds in conflict in Truffaut's *The 400 Blows.* And opening as it does with music from Joseph von Sternberg's *The Blue Angel,* Paul Morrissey's beautiful film *Trash* uses sound to evoke the "beauty and pathos of human degradation"—urging us to accept "the tawdry, the vulnerable, and the sordid" as characteristics of the human condition.

In a chapter dealing broadly with the artist as autobiographer, in a discussion of *Blow-Up* the authors contend that Thomas, the photographer in the film, confuses his identity with that of the camera. Does Antonioni? The authors argue lucidly that both the content and form of this film raise important issues about contemporary art: the degree and significance of the artist's control over his material, the role of interpretation in the creative process (a close-up which enlarges also blurs). Does the solving of a murder present any analogy with the interpreting of a work of art?

In Bergman, the authors see the artist "confronted with a paradox between genius and madness, between passion and reason, between spontaneity and control." They contend that Fellini's *Satyricon* permits an analogy with contemporary life that is strongly felt but as it were, not seen. "Freed from the bonds of authenticity and verisimilitude the film invites us to seek causes, motives, and values from our own culture . . . Like a vacuum, it demands that we rush in with what we know to occupy a kind of allegorical space left vacant by the mystery."

A chapter on "The Shape of Politics in Films" quotes Jean-Pierre Gorin, a colleague of Godard's: "You can't express a revolutionary content if you haven't got a revolutionary form." Thus the structure of *Z*—with its heavy conventional melodrama and stylized heroes and villains—contradicts its political content, while *Zabriskie Point,* although bringing no new insights to political questions, nevertheless effectively explores political conflicts through its visual techniques. The characteristics of Bertolucci's *The Conformist* result in an implicit political view of fascism: "A once the cause and effect of psychic estrangements; its appearance of compulsive, orderly normality conveys a fear of madness" which follows from "the unbridged gap between inner experience and outer behavior."

The last chapter of *Close-Up* provides an excellent illustration of its critical approach in the context of *Per-*

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formance, the controversial—and dazzling—film by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg. Concerned with the arts of performance and of film itself—the transforming of artistic vision—the film incorporates "archetypical elements" from literature and philosophy, which the authors trace from R. D. Laing and Norman Brown to Hesse and Borges. The result in the film is a "transformation of myth, dream, and madness."

The authors conclude: *"Performance* ushers us into the future of film consciousness by presenting a vision embodying all of the radical concepts . . . about unity, about the merging of life and death, reality and fantasy, sanity and madness, creativity and violence, male and female." Its "free-floating perceptions" indicate a "consciousness that includes many perspectives and levels of seeing and knowing . . . a point of view for the camera that is omniscient and new in a powerful way . . . expressing a radical view of human potentiality."

The performance of the authors of *Close-Up* similarly frees criticism by asserting its own liberating view of the freedom of the creative imagination to fulfill its own radical potential. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Jacques Tati's Mr. Hulot should have attained the climax of his adventures in survival against the odds in a picture called *Traffic*. The idea of putting him in charge of a convoy taking a promotional display from a Paris workshop to an international auto show in Amsterdam evokes immediate grins of anticipation. And some of them are rewarded: Hulot, dressed as ever in a Bavarian shooting hat, short raincoat and ankle-length walking shoes, sporting the most intrusive furled umbrella in show business, and proceeding on his errands of disastrous helpfulness by a progress of demented pirouettes, abortive lunges and explanatory gestures of bewildering complexity, is a joy to meet again after too long an absence.

And yet there are problems. The first of these is that traffic has in recent years been a greater preoccupation of the film makers than Tati seems to realize; at least, his comic approach to the subject seems a little obvious after the ferocities of Godard and Fellini, to mention only two of the screen's countless commentators on the motor vehicle gone amok.

Then, though *Traffic* has a topic—how they got from Paris to Amsterdam—it lacks coherent narrative. Instead, Tati is forever running his picture up dead-end byways in search of gags. And whereas, in the person of Hulot, he has a genius for extracting improbable embarrassments out of any genuine human encounter, Tati is somewhat heavy-handed as a fabricator of mechanical jokes. Thus, for example, it is not surpassingly amusing to watch a trio of mechanics who, after viewing the astronauts on TV, go about their work in laborious slow motion. Nor does a hot dog that squirts juice into the eye of the counter clerk cause me to pound my knee in delight.

Still another problem is that, with the exception of Marcel Fraval, who plays a Sancho Panza truck driver to Tati's Hulot/Quixote, the supporting cast is plain terrible. It almost seems as if Tati had hired at random people of the right sex and age for the parts and told them to be funny. Needless to say, they take their cues from Hulot, with the most dolorous results—he hasn't been called inimitable for nothing.

Perhaps the worst of these is Maria Kimberly, who plays a public relations girl, and reminded me of the belle of the local country club starring in the annual Labor Day frolic. However, Miss Kimberly is involved in one of the above-mentioned gags that confirmed something I have long suspected about Hulot: there is a touch of cruelty in Tati's alter ego. In this case, the girl has a dust mop of a dog, on which she dotes. A group of mischievous youths make a convincing replica of this pooch out of an old sheepskin vest, and stick it beneath the rear wheel of her sports car. On finding it, she falls into hysterics, and Hulot plunges to her relief. But every reassuring display he makes of the vest—if you assume it to be a wounded or dead little dog—is horrifying, and necessarily sends the girl off into further paroxysms. It is funny on the outside, but a little further in it is grim. The point about Hulot, which I had felt less concretely before, is that he is not merely benevolently inept; he is so strangled by his shy and indecisive impetuosity as to be insensitive to the feelings of others. Time and again, he walks away from his catastrophes; usually he leaves his late companion merely bemused, but sometimes with bruises that really hurt.

I hasten to add that I don't mean this as a criticism of Tati's creation. Indeed, it may well be what makes Hulot so satisfying and enduring. Without the occasional stab of pain, he would perhaps grow insipid; as it is, one recognizes that, although in short doses Mr. Hulot is an exhilarating buffoon, it would be no joke to have him in the family. And a good many families do have him.

Finally, Tati has a superb eye for the panoramic dance possibilities of prosaic occupations; *Traffic* opens and closes with two fine examples (viewers may also remember the curved cement path leading to the house in, I believe, *Mon Oncle*). The first of these is the great exhibition hall at Amsterdam, still empty and squared off by foot-high strings into exhibitors' spaces. Onto this floor come many busy men with blueprints, confirmations and other trivia of the coming event. They are all in a hurry, and each expresses his individuality from a great distance by the way he steps over the, to us, invisible strings. It is the choreography of petty irritation. At the end, the whole world, it would seem, has congealed into a traffic jam that pushes to the full circle of the horizon. It begins to rain, and throughout the maze of stalled cars umbrellas bloom and move in stately, humane convolutions. And halfway through the picture, there is a livelier panorama, when the public is admitted to the car show and takes to opening and slamming doors, hoods and trunks in clicking and thumping syncopation.

As I said, it is a pleasure and a privilege to welcome Mr. Hulot back; I only wish that Tati had found himself abler support and devised a narrative capable of sustained momentum. It is enough that Hulot should trip over his good intentions; the picture need not mimic him.

Anthony Shaffer's *Sleuth* operates on the sound commercial principle that, if you make your plot sufficiently intricate and outlandish, no one will notice that your characters are behaving without rhyme, reason, or in accordance with such personality as you have given them. It works, at least for the duration of the performance, and if afterward the customers realize morosely that they have been caught by one more shell game—well, they can be trusted to keep their mouths shut.

Thus, I won't spoil Mr. Shaffer's pitch by explaining how his machine works; indeed, it would give me the twitch to recite the double, triple and, if I counted correctly, quadruple cross of which it is composed. What did annoy me was that, besides trying to startle the audience into choking on its popcorn, the author seemed to be developing some thesis about the ethical views of different social classes. I thought that presumptuous, as though Rube Goldberg were seriously to propose a nonpolluting carburetor.

The picture is briskly directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, who takes professionally cynical advantage of every

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twist in Shaffer's maze. But what interested me, if that is not too strong a term, were the performances of the two opposing stars, Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

Olivier is an actor of profound insights and superb technique, who has shown himself capable of the most challenging roles in the literature of the theatre. What does an artist of that caliber do when confronted with a cardboard part in a fun house? Olivier's solution is to kid around: he kids himself, kids his contemporaries, mugs at the script, bounces about on his toes, catches flies, squeaks, burbles, flaps his hands and is excessively theatrical in every way that his great talent and long experience suggest to him. It is a glittering joke of a performance and it goes on far too long.

Caine, on the other hand, is a skilled mechanic. He can turn out just about anything that is asked of him, as long as he is not asked to become personally involved. He is precisely as polished and superficial as *Sleuth* itself, and he performs in it with that master plumber's dexterity he brings to whatever he does. So, though I don't worry myself about which of the characters wins the game in *Sleuth*, I am sorry that Caine so obviously gets the jump on Olivier. Caine is perfectly at home in nonsense, and can give it a momentary plausibility; Olivier, with every note and gesture, crashes through the make-believe. He is driven to create something, and he does: as a caricature of a ham actor at work, his performance is breath-taking, but that is not what *Sleuth* is about. And anyhow, Olivier has already done the real thing in *The Entertainer*. □

POEM

(Translated from the Russian by George L. Kline)

The tenant finds his new house wholly strange.
His quick glance trips on unfamiliar objects
whose shadows fit him so imperfectly
that they themselves are quite distressed about it.
But this house cannot stand its emptiness.
The lock alone—it seems somehow ungallant—
is slow to recognize the tenant's touch
and offers brief resistance in the darkness.
This new tenant is quite unlike the old—
who moved a chest of drawers in, and a table,
thinking that he would never have to leave;
and yet he did: his dose of life proved fatal.
There's nothing, it would seem, that makes them one:
appearance, character, or psychic trauma.
And yet what's usually called "a home"
is the one thing that these two have in common.

1962 Joseph Brodsky

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Even when he had money and fame, his friends used to speak of Eugene O'Neill as "poor Gene." They were right for the wrong reasons. Part of O'Neill's merit results from the abiding torment in him. This torment gives *The Great God Brown* a certain staying power. It is, to begin with, a personal torment, but it also acquires an extension in social meaning. Both these elements explain its success with the public when it was first produced in 1926, even though very few people "understood" it. And no wonder, it is a rather confused and confusing play (Lyceum Theatre).

At present we need not enter into the detail of its dramatic argument or its symbolism. Dion Anthony and his friend Billy Brown are two aspects of O'Neill's persona. The first is the self-lacerating artist, discontented with and even uncertain of his talent, as well as tortured by his rebellion against the faith of his forebears, which he suspects is the betrayal of something which alone might have sustained a sense of the wholeness (or holiness) of life. The artist in Dion-O'Neill envies the presumed equanimity that the "position" Brown was destined to achieve would give him. But Brown is no less jealous of the imagination and raging freedom of the artist Dion. Each is half of the other, each destroys the other. In this inner dichotomy and conflict lurks the *American* tragedy. It constitutes a theme of which several of O'Neill's plays offer variations.

It is a mistake to consider Dion a "hero"; it is an even greater mistake to view Brown as paltry. Brown is the center of the play: the innerly dissatisfied businessman, the big executive with a hole in his heart, is more typically American than the frustrated artist. It is to O'Neill's great credit that he recognizes Brown's hurt, his growing awareness of his inadequacy; for he, too, would be an "artist." Of the two men Brown is perhaps the more pathetic. The very construction of *The Great God Brown*—Dion dies in the second act, Brown in the third—is a clue to O'Neill's intention in this regard.

The chief fault of the new Phoenix Repertory Company's production, directed by Harold Prince, is that Brown's centrality in the play has not been realized. Or if realized, it is not embodied in the casting. John Glover's Brown is a callow college boy, totally incapable of growth. He lacks tragic dimension. The play thus becomes a contrast between Dion, a "deep" person, and Brown, a hollow man, which makes it "clearer" to some, but basically trite.

The characterizations throughout are of a thin, conventional quality. John McMartin works hard as Dion but he is not naturally endowed for the embodiment of O'Neill's ache. He struck me as a light comedian hoping to achieve Hamlet. This impression was fortified on the following evening, when I saw McMartin play Sganarelle in Molière's *Don Juan*—the alternate play in the Phoenix repertoire—in which he is altogether winning.

In brief, then, the present production reduces the play's stature. Its salient faults—for instance, the adolescent "poetics" of its final scenes—are enhanced; its virtues—a genuine soulfulness, an intense striving to articulate passionate intuitions—flattened. Still, if you have not seen *The Great God Brown* you should see it now: O'Neill's voice is not entirely silenced in this production.

The wine of Molière's wit has not lost its original bouquet in the unpretentiously direct and intelligent staging Stephen Porter has given *Don Juan*. It freshens the air.

There are many things which can be done with a Molière play. But if you leave it alone, just speak it with a feeling for its bright movement and gay point, it still hits you between the eyes and in the midriff. The dialogue dances, indeed it flashes as in a duel practiced for sport.

The French take the play more "seriously" than we do, the reason being that, while there is no acknowledged aristocracy in France, there yet remains a strong sense of class differentiation. Molière's butt was the nobility of his time. A self-aware bourgeois, he despised

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the courtier's arrogance and derided the wealthy bourgeoisie which aped the privileged gentry. He was the first "democrat" of the theatre. When Don Juan's father berates his son, telling him that worth does not stem from heritage or position but from honorable conduct, the staid audience at the Comédie Française applauds. Our audience laughs. Is it because we have no titled class or because we have lost faith in any decencies of behavior or paternal admonitions in regard to them? Or is it only because the actor who reads the moral lesson to Don Juan in the Phoenix production is solemnly lofty about it, thus emphasizing its length, whereas in Paris the speech is read with "propagandistic" vehemence and the audience still finds it relevant.

Sganarelle, a sort of frightened Sancho Panza, speaks home truths sneakily, because he is in Don Juan's pay. When Don Juan is hurled into hell, Sganarelle bemoans his own fate: the loss of his *wages*. Despite all the social changes both in France and here (French youth is now estranged from Molière's "middle-class" common sense) the play retains an ineradicable tone of contemporaneity. It survives through its fundamental theatrical vigor and its sprightly wisdom. Among my favorite passages is the one in which Sganarelle asks Don Juan if he believes in God, the afterlife, the devil, to which the answers are either evasive or contemptuous. "What then do you believe?" Sganarelle asks. To which Don Juan replies, "I believe that two and two make four and that four and four make eight." "Your religion then," Sganarelle concludes, "is arithmetic." This sums up all mechanical rationalism—and much more!

Paul Hecht's Don Juan is cool and neat. David Dukes, who supervised with balletic verve the fencing demanded by the action, also plays a minor role with the cleanness that is the mark of the evening.

In private, I once called Julie Harris "a Sister of the theatre." I meant it as a compliment. She is an actress entirely and happily devoted to her profession. Her commitment is a form of purity without the slightest taint of pose. It is this quality at its height which inspires her performance in James Prideaux's *The Last of Mrs. Lincoln* (Anta Theatre).

A perfect ease, both in the moments of sadness and in the lighter ones, makes one watch Miss Harris in this play with complete sympathy. The plight of Mary Todd Lincoln after the assassination might be made cloying; Julie Harris avoids the danger and lends the character's situation poignancy and dignity.

Mary Todd, it appears, has been much maligned or cruelly forgotten. This season is to be given over to her rehabilitation on the stage. (There was something of this in an earlier play, *The Lincoln Mask*, and the lady's letters are soon to be presented verbatim. It is interesting to note, in passing, that Robert Sherwood in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* pictured her as a thorn in her husband's side: a possibly subjective reading of the character.) I have no opinion on the matter. Prideaux's play is chiefly a vehicle for a star actress. As such it works well enough and he may be right in his view of the unfortunate widow. My feeling, however, is that what lends the play interest for its audience, apart from Julie Harris' performance, is Lincoln himself as reflected through his wife.

I also like David Rounds as Lincoln's eldest son, Leora Dana as Mary Todd's sister, and Kate Wilkinson as a stupid resident of Springfield, Ill. The cast is generally good and George Schaefer's direction is all that is required. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

One of the operatic season's more notable achievements occurred early in December, when the musical direction of *Otello* at the Metropolitan Opera passed into the hands of James Levine, whose firm pacing provided a sense of purpose that had been lacking last spring in the somewhat frantic and disjunct work of Karl Böhm. With this aural focus and Jon Vickers' tigerish Otello at stage center, the Franco Zeffirelli production became altogether a more cogent experience, its undeniable picturesqueness and frequently fussy detail of action now falling into place around a firm central core.

Not in many years has there been an Otello who commands such resources of tone and timbre as does Vickers, and his clarion declamation of the lines—both textual and melodic—makes them leap out with the full weight of their implications. Equipped to intone accents of warmth and fury with equal intensity and vocal polish, he not only makes Otello's part of the first-act love duet a more pleasurable experience than usual but reaps special dividends in the third-act duet ("Dio ti giocondi"), where his mercurial alternation of love and hate for Desdemona is as evident in tones as in actions.

As last spring, his lady was portrayed by Teresa Zylis-Gara, whose gracious carriage and warm phrasing count for much—but alas, her sweet and firm sound remains unreliable in tuning. Louis Quilico, in his first local Iago, brought ample voice to bear, but not as yet much subtlety, so that tension lapsed in his cleanly sung but relatively nerveless account of Cassio's dream, and occasionally elsewhere. Levine made the ensembles and choruses move with spirit and accuracy (except for the serenade to Desdemona, where the offense of soggy pitch was compounded by nasty amplification of the plucked instruments on stage), and the orchestra was often brilliant.

Good orchestral playing was also evident in the brief revival of Gluck's *Orfeo*. If Charles Mackerras could not transform the chichi stage pictures and commonplace choreography of this 1970 production into something tolerable, he was at least able to erase the depredations wrought on the musical text by his misguided predecessor, Richard Bonynge. For reasons apparently having to do with the technicalities of scene changing, an intermission still interposed itself between the scenes of Act II, so that the tonally static scene in the Elysian Fields is sundered from its contrasting raison d'être, the volatile episode before the gates of Hell; but the straightforward and musically elegant work of Mackerras gave great pleasure, at least with eyes closed against the visual offenses. Marilyn Horne, although not ideally costumed, sang warmly and tastefully, and Lillian Sukis offered a limpid, touching Euridice.

I cannot be as enthusiastic over the season's "mini-*Ring*," in which a new production of *Siegfried*, based on the Karajan Salzburg version, was joined by a revival of the *Walküre* produced several years ago. Despite the absence of the principal protagonist (Karajan himself as producer-conductor), the nature of the stage pictures remained consistent with what had gone before; the more one sees of these Schneider-Siemssen designs, the more conscious one becomes of their truncated horizontality—a function of the radically wider ratio of the Salzburg stage for which they were originally conceived.

Strikingly altered, however, was the musical side of things, now in the hands

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of Erich Leinsdorf. The particular sonorous quality of Karajan's interpretation—the firm, satin-finished, finely detailed orchestral execution—was no longer in evidence, and the nature of the experience thus dramatically altered. Favoring an orchestral tone without great depth or solidity (mushy lower brass attacks submerged under blaring trumpets were characteristic of the tuttis), Leinsdorf opted for generally hasty tempos that robbed many important scenes—notably Wotan's narration in Act II of *Walküre* and the Wanderer-Mime guessing game in *Siegfried*—of the breadth and repose that are indispensable to any reasonably coherent effect. On occasions, as in the final *Siegfried* duet, one had the impression that Birgit Nilsson (Brünnhilde) had taken charge, and something like the requisite weight was allowed to develop, but too much of both evenings was close to frantic, and the singers were hampered from shaping their lines expressively—or, sometimes, from shaping them at all.

On the "opera-in-concert" front, the month produced two notable occasions on successive evenings: Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* presented by Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony, and Verdi's *I Lombardi*, offered by the Opera Orchestra of New York under Eve Queler. The Berlioz score is in fact one of the rare works predestined for this often unsatisfactory format of presentation (the manuscript title originally described it as "*opéra de concert*," later changed to "*Légende dramatique*"), for the music incorporates everything that is required—scenery, gesture and movement, as well as characterization and emotional coloring. Consequently, there are no such theatrical lacunae as occurred, for example, in *Lombardi*'s last act, when the tent flaps at the back of the stage setting should open to reveal to Crusaders and audience the longed-for sight of Jerusalem shining in the sun; this moment can only be imperfectly expressed in a concert performance, since the music was composed with a view to reinforcing a scenic effect, not to creating one.

The execution of the Berlioz was of the magisterial standard now generally associated with Solti's presentations, played and sung (by the quite extraordinary Chicago Symphony Chorus, trained by Margaret Hillis) with a textural translucence that brought to the surface all the rhythmic complexity of the characteristically Berliozian multileveled passages, and exploited to the full his staggering range of vocal and orchestral colors. The soloists—Stuart Burrows (Faust), Josephine Veasey (Marguerite) and Roger Soyer (Mephistopheles)—were very much in the picture, which is high praise indeed.

I Lombardi is early Verdi (his second big success, following *Nabucco* and preceding *Ernani*), with a libretto not notable for subtlety or consistency, a score always direct if sometimes naive in expression. Eve Queler, who ran into difficulties last year with the complex problems of pacing *Guillaume Tell* and *L'Africaine*, proved herself equal to this more straightforward, but not to be underrated, task. Even those martial passages that commentators are wont to pass off with condescending references to the village band of Verdi's home town can give pleasure when proclaimed with such brio as she gave them (and, paradoxically, the absence of staging helped here, for one can accept this music more easily for what it is under concert conditions than if apparently emerging from the lips of 11th-century Lombard Crusaders in full regalia). Renata Scotto, singing the elaborate female lead, offered her characteristic mixture of flawed vocalism, stimulating rhythmic impetus, and prima-donna mannerisms, made convincing through the sheer intensity of her delivery. Tenor José María Carreras and bass Paul Plishka both established themselves as singers of the first rank, and we may expect to hear much more from them. Perhaps this performance made *Lombardi* sound better than it is; if so, the more credit to Miss Queler and her admirable forces. □

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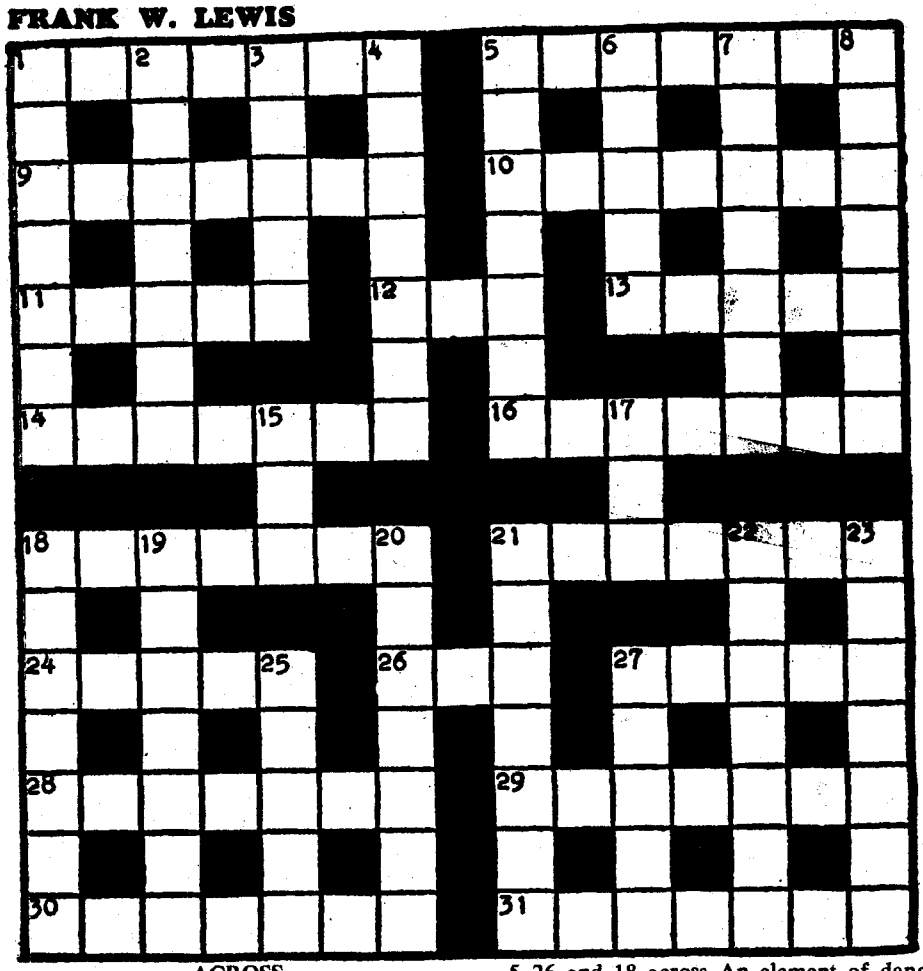

ACROSS

1 Wrought iron a high-level minister argued about. (7)
5 Are USSR components likely to make us more confident? (7)
9 Those on the farm are hopefully not associated with the grim type. (7)
10 Fires from the sky. (7)
11 and 24 across Stick with this? May break my bones, but they are probably laid down over a long period. (10)
12 and 13 Possibly protects the movers in front. (8)
14 Not a short formal greeting, but it used to offer a certain offense. (7)
16 Cane woven with 17 made a pretty picture, to say the least. (7)
21 Where an unpleasant sort of dog might be found around a boss. (7)
27 Descriptive of Wenceslaus' snow. (5)
28 An encouraging sound inside, or is strictly for the birds. (7)
29 His knowledge could hardly be termed superficial. (7)
30 Some cakes are seen to be so. (7)
31 Given something to eat, otherwise, like hats? (7)

DOWN

1 Equal to a basic monetary unit in Peru, with a somewhat shady holding. (7)
2 Sketch books might be so pulled back. (5,2)
3 Doesn't hold water, by the sound of it, but might in a sense be symbolic of Wales. (5)
4 Mistakenly said to promise to refuse responsibility. (7)
5, 26 and 18 across An element of danger associated with the ancient fabric of dramatic production. (7,3,3,4)
6 Suggests one season during the cold produces but one shoot. (5)
7 Don't join in the chorus! (7)
8 By the sound of it, you get to live around the left part. (7)
15 and 17 What might give support to belief in enlightenment is boldly impudent. (6)
18 If they give you two RN's, the obsolete part will be apparent. (7)
19 There are countless openings for one in his profession. (7)
20 Passed away, in time, and pleased to be out of it. (7)
21 The diaphragm, if described so. (7)
22 Money for a trade unionist? (7)
23 Possibly bangs some students prefer to have high. (7)
25 The sort of law that makes one start to take aspirin? (5)
27 The joint may be rather commonly, but a specific type is quite likely to be. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1469

ACROSS: 1 Sacks; 4 Gastropod; 9 Irish harp; 11 Potholder; 12 Arras; 13 and 10 Stick to the point; 17 Fingernail; 21 Run-in; 22 Pitchfork; 23 and 3 Grade school; 24 Adornment; 25 Theorists; 26 Dusts. DOWN: 1 Skimps; 2 Chintz; 4 Grandstand plays; 5 Superscriptions; 6 Replants; 7 Priority; 8 Detested; 14 Affright; 15 Inunate; 16 Reindeer; 18 Shined; 19 Covens; 20 Skates.

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